

LITTLE BIG MAN

A Screenplay

by

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Based on the novel of the same name

by

Thomas Berger

PRODUCTION DRAFT

**FOR EDUCATIONAL  
PURPOSES ONLY**

FADE IN:

1. INT. V.A. HOSPITAL - DAY

1.

On a CLOSE SHOT of a very, very old man in a wheelchair.  
The CAMERA moves closer and closer.

OLD JACK CRABB

I, beyond a doubt, am the last of  
the old-timers. My name is Jack  
Crabb and I am the sole white  
survivor of the battle of the Little  
Big Horn--popularly knowed as  
"Custer's Last Stand."

2. INT. V.A. HOSPITAL - OLD JACK CRABB AND A TWEEDY  
HISTORIAN - DAY

2.

A tape recorder rests on a nearby white enamel table  
and the TWEEDY HISTORIAN has a notepad on his knee.

TWEEDY HISTORIAN

Well, Mr. Crabb, I'm more interested  
in the primitive life-style of the  
plains Indian than I am in...

(a little smile)

...tall tales about Custer.

OLD JACK CRABB

Tall tales? Are you callin' me  
a liar?

TWEEDY HISTORIAN

No-no, it's just that I'm interested  
in the way of life of the Indian--  
rather than in, shall we say, adventure.

OLD JACK CRABB

You think the battle of Little Big  
Horn was a adventure?

TWEEDY HISTORIAN

(patient but firm)

Little Big Horn was not representative  
of encounters between whites and  
Indians, Mr. Crabb. You see, the  
near-genocide of the Indian--

OLD JACK CRABB

The near what?

CONTINUED

## TWEEDY HISTORIAN

Near-genocide. It means extermination,  
the killing off of an entire people.

(pauses, a patronizing  
smile)

Of course, I wouldn't expect an old  
Indian-fighter like you to agree with  
me, but that's practically what we  
did to the Indians.

## 3. INT. V.A. HOSPITAL - C.U. OLD JACK CRABB - DAY

3.

## OLD JACK CRABB

(points to tape  
recorder, with a  
flash of the eyes)  
Turn that thing on!

## TWEEDY HISTORIAN

(a bit startled)  
I beg your pardon?

## OLD JACK CRABB

I said turn that thing on--and shut  
up!

## 4. INT. V.A. HOSPITAL - DAY

4.

The Tweedy Historian turns on tape.

## OLD JACK CRABB

You just set there, and you'll  
learn something.

The CAMERA moves in closer on the old man.

## OLD JACK CRABB (CONT'D)

I knowed the Indians for what they  
was, and I also knowed General George  
Armstrong Custer for what he was.

As the old man slowly and grimly nods his head,

DISSOLVE TO:

## 5. EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

5.

A rather idyllic and peaceful vision. A SHOT of  
two covered wagons and Indian ponies on the Western  
plain beneath a big sky. A white pioneer group is  
giving coffee to a band of about twelve Indians.

CONTINUED

5. CONTINUED

5.

The white group consists of four grown men, six women, a strapping young girl of about 14 in boy's clothes, and a young boy of about ten. The Indians are squatting around here and there drinking coffee and eating lumps of sugar and they seem peaceful. We do not hear dialogue; OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE is the sound we hear on the track.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

One hundred and eleven years ago, when I was ten years old, my fam'ly in crossin' the great plains ran into a band of wild Indians.

6. EXT. PRAIRIE - ANGLE AT PORE DADDY - DAY

6.

PORE DADDY has a Bible in his hands and he smiles beamingly at the Indians and we see his lips move as he commences earnestly to read from the Bible to them.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

My father, whom I have always thought of as "Pore Daddy," was a little bit touched in his head. He had a theory the Indians was the lost tribe of Israel and he wanted to bring 'em back to the Lord.

Pore Daddy frowns in disappointment and closes the Bible, then stands thinking deeply.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)

He also had another theory we didn't know about.

Pore Daddy gets a half-smile on his face, narrows his eyes and nods his head as an idea comes to him.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(very dry)

Pore Daddy's other theory--you might even call it his final theory--was that coffee wasn't no thing to open up a Indian to the word of the Lord.

7. EXT. WAGONS - DAY

7.

Pore Daddy turns and walks to the rear of one of the covered wagons and the CAMERA follows him.

CONTINUED

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
Somethin' else was better and a lot  
quicker. The thing a Indian needed  
to relax him...

8. EXT. CLOSE SHOT - WHISKY KEG - DAY

8.

Pore Daddy pulls the canvas of the wagon aside and  
we see a barrel with a spigot.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
...was whisky.

Pore Daddy fills a tin cup with whisky..

MAIN TITLE:

OTHER TITLES:

During the OTHER TITLES, we HEAR sounds on the track  
that reveal or suggest the results of Pore Daddy's  
last inspiration.

The SOUNDS become increasingly deplorable. We HEAR  
the tinkle of tin cups. An Indian suddenly HOWLS.  
We HEAR a loud gurgle of whisky splashing in a cup,  
then suddenly a GUN goes off. Another GUN goes off,  
and another. More HOWLING.

PORE DADDY'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Now brother, now brother--be calm!

INDIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
OWWW-ooooooooooooooooo!

WOMEN'S VOICES (V.O.)  
(quavery, a bit thin)  
Rock of a-a-ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee...

END OF TITLES:

9. EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

9.

In the foreground two women kneel as they SING. The  
bodies of Pore Daddy and the other men lie in the  
background pincushioned with arrows. WHOOPING Indians  
ride back and forth on ponies, crazy drunk. A brown  
arm suddenly interrupts "Rock of Ages" by reaching  
INTO THE SHOT and grabbing one of the women and dragging  
her off.

10. EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

10.

Young Jack and Caroline beneath one of the wagons, well-hidden by boxes and crates. They pull blankets over themselves and hunker down in fear as the legs of horses gallop across the foreground of the SHOT.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I didn't know the difference then,  
but they was Pawnees.

11. EXT. PRAIRIE - WOMEN - DAY

11.

Only one is left now, a thin creature who sings on in a quavery voice.

THIN CREATURE

Let the wa-a-ater and the blo-o-o-d  
Yiiiiiii-wawk!

12. EXT. PRAIRIE - WIDER SHOT - DAY

12.

A grinning Indian grabs her and drags her off.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Yep, they was Pawnees. I ain't never  
had no use for Pawnees ever since.

13. EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

13.

Young Jack and Caroline crouched in abject terror under blankets beneath the wagon.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Somehow or other, they missed me  
and Caroline. For a long time, we  
lay there too scairdt to move.

14. EXT. WAGONS - DAY

14.

Young Jack and Caroline pull back the blankets and peer around. Slowly they begin to crawl from beneath the wagon.

Young Jack and Caroline freeze in fear as the SOUND of horsehooves is HEARD on the track. Horse legs ride INTO THE SHOT before they can crawl back under the wagon. In utter terror, they gaze upward.

15. EXT. PRAIRIE - JACK'S POV - SHADOW - DAY

15.

A handsome, powerfully-built INDIAN BR on a pony. He is called SHADOW THAT COMES IN SIGHT. He is different than the Pawnees we have just seen.

CONTINUED

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

But this one wasn't a Pawnee. He was a Cheyenne Brave.

(a pause for emphasis)

That was why the Pawnees hadn't hung around. It was Cheyenne country and they didn't have no business there.

16. EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

16.

The Cheyenne Brave has surveyed the scene. Now gracefully, he jumps down from his pony.

17. EXT. UNDER WAGON - DAY

17.

Caroline weeps and puts her arms around Young Jack.

CAROLINE

Goodbye, Jack! I'll see you in heaven!

YOUNG JACK

(also weeping)

Goodbye, Caroline!

18. EXT. PRAIRIE - WIDER SHOT - DAY

18.

The Indian firmly picks up Caroline; throws her over his shoulder and puts her across the back of his pony, then goes back for Young Jack.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

We didn't know it, but he had took pity on us. There wasn't nothin' else possible. No Cheyenne Brave would even dream to hurt a child.

19. EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

19.

Cheyenne Brave riding along the prairie with Young Jack and Caroline loaded like sacks of meal across the pony.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I later got to know him well. His name was Shadow That Comes In Sight.

Shadow, Young Jack and Caroline ride into a Cheyenne camp. Shadow dismounts and sits Caroline and Young Jack on their feet, then beckons to them to follow him. Fearfully, they walk into the camp toward a larger central teepee.

Note: The camp consists of four teepees and 30 Indians.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

At first sight of an Indian camp,  
what you think is--I see their  
dump, where's the camp?

Little mangy dogs BARK fiercely at their heels and the other Indians of the band stare with curiosity, especially at Caroline, whose clothes seem to fascinate them. Caroline, who is evidently quite a tomboy, wears men's clothing, but the outline of full breasts can be seen beneath her shirt.

## 21. EXT. OLD LODGE SKINS' LODGE - DAY

21.

OLD LODGE SKINS, an old man and the chief of the band, emerges from the lodge and with great dignity puts a plug hat on his head and speak to Caroline but we do not hear his voice on the track.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

They brought us to their chief, Old  
Lodge Skins, who later became my  
granddaddy.

Old Lodge Skins gestures for Caroline to follow and enters the lodge.

## 22. INT. OLD LODGE SKINS' LODGE - DAY

22.

Old Lodge Skins sits amongst scalps, medicine bags and other litter. Caroline, frightened, creeps forward pulling Young Jack after her. She sits to Old Lodge Skins' right. He ignores them as he methodically fills a pipe with tobacco. We can see other Indians in the background, standing in the lodge.

## 23. INT. OLD LODGE SKINS' LODGE - TIGHT SHOT - DAY

23.

YOUNG JACK

(a terrified whisper)  
What do they want, Caroline?

CONTINUED



CAROLINE

It's plain as day what they want,  
Jack.

YOUNG JACK

What?

CAROLINE

(tragically; a bit too  
tragically, points her  
index finger between  
the swelling breasts  
under her boy's shirt)

Me.

24. INT. OLD LODGE SKINS' LODGE - WIDER - DAY

24.

Old Lodge Skins hands the lighted pipe to Caroline,  
who accepts it, stares at it for a moment in  
bewilderment, shrugs, puffs at it and COUGHS.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Old Lodge Skins smoked with her to  
show good manners to what he thought  
was our oldest male survivor.

Old Lodge Skins stares doubtfully at the coughing  
Caroline, then takes the pipe and puffs at it himself.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Needless to say, that old Indian  
didn't dream she was a female or  
he never would of smoked with her.

The other Indians in the lodge have edged forward  
and several are IN THE SHOT, among them BUFFALO  
WALLOW WOMAN, a wife of Old Lodge Skins. Now, the  
smoking ceremony over, Old Lodge Skins begins to make  
a solemn oration to Caroline (not on the track). As  
he talks, Buffalo Wallow Woman sidles up close to  
Caroline and gazes with fascinated interest at her  
swollen chest. Buffalo Wallow Woman, politely but  
with uncontrollable curiosity, touches Caroline's  
boy's shirt and feels her breasts then squats beside  
her and commences to tug at the belt of Caroline's  
pants to peer down at her as the other Indians step  
forward and gaze down in wonder.

Old Lodge Skins reacts in shocked consternation:  
evidently the true sex of Caroline has been revealed.

CONTINUED

24. CONTINUED

24.

Old Lodge Skins adjusts his plug hat with dignity and exits as fascinated Indians crowd around Young Jack and Caroline.

CAROLINE

They didn't know I was a woman!  
That explains why they didn't  
rape me right off!

(shudders and puts  
a hand over her eyes,  
leaning the other on  
Jack's shoulder)

Lord, Lord, now I'm in for it!

Shadow That Comes In Sight innocently pokes a finger at Caroline's breast. Caroline gazes at him in breathless, tearful fright, then flinches as BURNS RED IN THE SUN pokes a finger at her other breast. Shadow and Burns Red turn toward each other, nod as if to say, "Yes, it's a female," then turn their backs and walk off, as Caroline's eyes widen with surprise.

YOUNG JACK CRABB

I don't think they're gonna bother  
you, Caroline.

CAROLINE

(solemnly)

No such luck, Jack. They'll git  
me tonight for sure.

DISSOLVE:

25. EXT. A TEEPEE - NIGHT

25.

Young Jack half-asleep in a blanket near the entrance of a teepee. A glum Caroline sits beside him staring moodily into a campfire.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Pore Caroline never did have no  
luck with men.

Caroline rises and glances at Young Jack, who seems to be asleep in the blanket. For a moment, she pauses, thinking, then she turns and slips off into the night.

26. EXT. PONY CORRAL - NIGHT

26.

Caroline steals a horse and rides away.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I reckon she figured we couldn't  
both get away and she'd send help  
back to rescue me.

27. EXT. INDIAN CAMP - DAY

27.

A nasty-looking little dog is YAPPING at Young Jack.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

The next mornin' I found myself in  
that Indian camp all alone.

Buffalo Wallow Woman calmly picks up a club, approaches  
Jack, raises the club high and starts to bring it  
down.

28. EXT. C.U. JACK - DAY

28.

He winces.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

But the Cheyenne, who call themselves  
"the Human Beings," had no idea to  
hurt me.

29. EXT. INDIAN CAMP - DAY

29.

Buffalo Wallow Woman stirring a large pot over a  
fire, as Young Jack watches wide-eyed.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I was an honored guest, and they  
gave me a real treat for breakfast...

Buffalo Wallow Woman presents an earthenware bowl  
to Young Jack. Limp and boiled puppy feet dangle  
over the sides of the bowl.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT D)

...boiled dog.

30. EXT. CLOSE SHOT - YOUNG JACK EATING - DAY

30.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Dog ain't bad, neither. Now, dog  
is greasy, I'll admit, but you'd be  
surprised how downright delicate the  
flavor is...especially if you're  
starvin'.

DISSOLVE:

31. MONTAGE - JACK BECOMING AN INDIAN

31.

Young Jack being taught the use of a bow and arrow by Shadow. The transformation of Young Jack into a "Human Being" has begun; we see him here wearing bits and pieces of Indian clothes.

Another ANGLE, Shadow wears a buffalo skin full-size and Young Jack wears a baby buffalo skin. They creep toward buffalo herd.

CUT TO a SHOT of a few grazing buffalo. They look up suddenly at the CAMERA and turn and bolt. Young Jack smiles sheepishly.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

No, sir, far from torturin' and killin' me, the Human Beings adopted me as one of their own. Shadow That Comes In Sight taught me the bow and arrow and how to stalk game...

32. EXT. TWO SHOT - DAY

32.

Young Jack being instructed in the use of Indian face and body paint by Burns Red In The Sun.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

...and Burns Red In The Sun showed me how to protect my pale skin from sunburn. It's a little-known fact that some Indians, like Burns Red, will sunburn their own selves.

33. EXT. PRAIRIE - OLD LODGE SKINS AND JACK - DAY

33.

Old Lodge Skins teaching Young Jack how to decipher the signs of a trail. Young Jack's metamorphosis into a Human Being is almost complete; he is now liberally covered with Indian paint and only a rotting fragment or two of his white clothing remains.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

But my real teacher was my adopted Grandpa, Old Lodge Skins. He taught me to read a trail, the Cheyenne language and lots of other things.

DISSOLVE:

34. EXT. FIVE YOUNG INDIAN BOYS - DAY

34.

Young Jack's metamorphosis into a Human Being is now complete: his clothing is entirely Indian. They boys are playing with the pelt of a wolf. Young Jack puts the wolf skin over his back, HOWLS and dances with it, and the other boys LAUGH.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

It was a rough life, but for a boy  
it was a kind of paradise. I wasn't  
just playin' Indin, I was livin' Indin.

35. EXT. YOUNG JACK, AGE 14 - BANK OF RIVER - DAY

35.

The teepees of a new and different Indian camp are in the background. Young Jack Crabb is small for his years.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Only one thing bothered me. I was  
small for my years--in fact, dern  
near a runt.

36. EXT. CORRAL - DAY

36.

Several Braves in solemn conference, as a couple of Indian boys run forward. Jack excitedly turns his horse and rides toward the corral.

It is apparent that something serious has happened. Young Jack jumps off his pony.

YOUNGER BEAR

The Pawnees stole seven of our  
ponies. There's going to be a  
war party.

(a contemptuous  
afterthought)

But you can't go. You are too  
little and weak like a girl.

37. EXT. CORRAL - CLOSER AT BOYS - DAY

37.

Jack shoves Younger Bear. Younger Bear thoughtfully pauses for a moment, then shoves Jack harder. Jack trips backward over a root and falls.

YOUNGER BEAR

You're not a girl, but you're  
very weak and I don't want to  
hurt you.

CONTINUED

37. CONTINUED

37.

Jack runs at Younger Bear and tackles him. Younger Bear easily swings him around and throws him again to the ground.

YOUNGER BEAR (CONT'D)

Run away now, or I'll kick you..

Jack jumps up and launches a roundhouse swing at Younger Bear and hits him on the nose, to the utter astonishment of all the Indian boys. In amazement, Younger Bear touches his bleeding nose.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

The Indians had never heard of fist-fightin' and it plum' amazed them.

Younger Bear gazes in bewilderment at the blood on his fingers.

YOUNGER BEAR

(looks up at Jack  
without hostility)

How did you do that?

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Then I made a real mistake.

YOUNG JACK CRABB

I'm sorry, Young Bear. I didn't mean to hurt you.

A humiliated look comes upon Younger Bear's face and he bows his head as if struck a blow, while the other boys point at him and laugh. Younger Bear turns and walks off, shoulders slumped. Jack hesitates, then goes after him, putting a hand on his arm. Angrily, head bowed, Younger Bear pushes Jack away and walks on.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

The Indian way. You should never feel sorry about beatin' an enemy, unless having conquered his body you want his spirit as well.

38. EXT. CORRAL - C.U. JACK - DAY

38.

He stares worriedly after Younger Bear.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I had made the first real enemy of my life.

YOUNG JACK CRABB

How can I win a name and be a  
Brave, Grandfather, when I am  
so little?

OLD LODGE SKINS

(gives it profound  
thought)

There once was a Human Being and  
he was very small, but he won a  
name. Little Man. You have heard  
of him?

YOUNG JACK CRABB

No, Grandfather.

OLD LODGE SKINS

He went on a war party against  
the Pawnees. But the Pawnees  
were too many. One by one the  
Human Beings were rubbed out.  
Little Man was very brave and the  
Pawness called out to him, "If  
you will stop fighting, we will  
let you go." But Little Man  
answered, "It's a good day to die."

(pauses for emphasis,  
then continues with a  
grave and absolute  
sincerity)

Finally, they cut off his head,  
but he continued to fight without  
his head. He rode among the  
Pawnees like a whirlwind, and his  
head, which they stuck on a spear,  
started again to shout the war cry.  
The Pawnees could take no more and  
they ran away. When they looked  
back, they saw the body of Little  
Man lie down among his friends.  
Little Man was small, but his bravery  
was big.

DISSOLVE:

40. EXT. AN ASSEMBLING WAR PARTY - DAY

40.

The Braves put on war-paint as the young boys stand  
nearby, Jack and Younger Bear among them. Present  
is LITTLE HORSE, a boy who is larger than Jack but  
who does not seem to have a fighting temperament at  
all.

CONTINUED

40. CONTINUED

40.

## OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

The Human Beings don't require a man to be a warrior, if he ain't got the temperament for it, and Little Horse didn't.

Little Horse shakes his head, turns away from the group and goes and sits with the women. The others pay no attention.

41. EXT. WAR PARTY - DAY

41.

Younger Bear steps forward and stands before Shadow.

## YOUNGER BEAR

I have practiced many times stealing meat from the women. I killed a buffalo two days ago and I am very brave.

The older men stare with icy rejection at Younger Bear, who realizes he has made a serious error. He wilts, crushed.

## SHADOW THAT COMES IN SIGHT

The Human Beings are the greatest people on earth, the bravest warriors, have the most beautiful and virtuous women, and live in a place that is perfect. A Human Being just is and does not have to talk about it.

They all mount ponies.

42. EXT. A SMALL CHEYENNE WAR PARTY - BRIGHT NIGHT

42.

Four full-grown Braves and Young Jack Crabb and Younger Bear.

## SHADOW THAT COMES IN SIGHT

We will leave the ponies here...

(nods at Jack and  
Younger Bear)

...you two will hold them.

## YOUNGER BEAR

(a half-crying  
whisper of outrage)

No! I don't want to stay here,  
I want to go to the Pawnee Camp!

CONTINUED



Shadow stares icily. Younger Bear takes three of the halters and Young Jack Crabb takes three. The Braves walk off silently into the moonlit mist.

## YOUNGER BEAR (CONT'D)

You...you aren't even a Human Being  
--you're white!

## OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

He didn't believe it himself--  
Younger Bear was just tryin' to  
hand me the worst possible insult.

43. EXT. YOUNG JACK CRABB - BRIGHT NIGHT

43.

Jack suddenly sees something.

44. EXT. JACK'S POV - BRIGHT NIGHT

44.

PAWNEE BRAVE on the creek bank, a war club gripped in his hand and a knife in his belt. He springs and knocks Younger Bear senseless with the war club. His knife is out and he grabs Younger Bear's hair tight so the scalp will pull off as it is cut.

45. EXT. THREE SHOT - BRIGHT NIGHT

45.

Jack jumps on the Pawnee Brave's back. The Pawnee Brave whirls around and around in an effort to dislodge Jack, but cannot do so. Finally, the Pawnee Brave throws himself into the air and over onto his back, landing heavily upon Jack and stunning him. The Pawnee grabs Jack by the hair and places the knife at the base of his head. The huge knife commences slowly to saw across the back of his head. Jack's eyes blink and open.

46. EXT. CLOSE - JACK AND PAWNEE - BRIGHT NIGHT

46.

The Pawnee Brave has stopped scalping Jack and stares at the white skin on his neck. In wonder, the Pawnee Brave rubs his finger on Jack's face, exposing more white skin.

## PAWNEE BRAVE

(an obsequious smile)

Little white man! Fool poor Pawnee!  
Ha, ha, ha, big fooling! You want  
to eat?

(he gently helps a  
shaky and bleeding  
Jack to his feet)

CONTINUED

46. CONTINUED

46.

## OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Pawnees was always suckin' up  
to whites.

## PAWNEE BRAVE

Little white man not mad, huh? No  
get pony sojers on poor Pawnee,  
huh?

The Pawnee Brave starts gently to guide the tottering  
Jack toward the bank. SOUND of a feeble groan from  
Young Bear.

## PAWNEE BRAVE (CONT'D)

See? Pawnee friend--fix this bad  
Injun for little white man!

Beaming, the Pawnee Brave ambles toward Younger Bear  
who, now sitting up, waits without moving, stoic in  
the face of obviously unavoidable death. Jack stares  
in sick horror. The Pawnee Brave bends with an amiable  
smile over Younger Bear, takes him firmly but not  
brutally by the hair and adjusts his head like a  
barber preparing him for a haircut. Younger Bear; who  
seems a bit sad about it all, doesn't resist; on the  
contrary, just as a customer in a barber chair would  
do, he tilts his head downward and to the side, the  
better to be scalped comfortably. The Pawnee Brave  
pauses for a moment--a speck of something has gotten  
in his eye--then hurriedly he places the edge of the  
big knife under Younger Bear's ear, his left hand  
pulling the hair taut.

47. EXT. PAWNEE BRAVE - BRIGHT NIGHT

47.

An arrow WHOP-P-PS into the Pawnee Brave's back.

48. EXT. YOUNG JACK CRABB - BRIGHT NIGHT

48.

He stands wide-eyed with a bow in his hands. Swiftly,  
with great skill, he shoots another arrow, and  
another, in very rapid succession.

49. EXT. PAWNEE BRAVE - BRIGHT NIGHT

49.

Three arrow are in his back. Slowly, he topples  
to the ground. Jack walks down the creek bed toward  
Younger Bear and the Pawnee Brave. His amazement  
and shock at his own deed show clearly on his face.

CONTINUED

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
I always felt kinda bad about that  
pore Pawnee. I didn't mean to kill  
him, I just meant to distract him.

50. EXT. C.U. JACK - BRIGHT NIGHT

50.

Blood streams down from Jack's own near-scalping.  
After a moment, his eyeballs tilt in his head and  
he topples to the ground in a dead faint.

DISSOLVE:

51. EXT. CHEYENNE CAMP - CELEBRATION - NIGHT

51.

Old Lodge Skins has on his plug hat and other regalia.  
A big bonfire lends a solemnity to the scene. Young  
Jack Crabb, dazed and half-conscious, lies on a  
blanket in the midst of the celebrants, a pack of  
dried mud on his head.

OLD LODGE SKINS  
Let the one who owes him a life  
bring him his ponies.

52. EXT. CHEYENNE CAMP - ANGLE AT YOUNGER BEAR - NIGHT

52.

He comes forward with four horses. Slowly, head  
bowed, he presents the halters of the horses to  
Jack.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
I had made a real enemy of Younger  
Bear. Savin' his life was the final  
insult.

YOUNGER BEAR  
(forces himself to  
look at Jack)  
I...I give you these ponies, but...  
I owe you a life...

Younger Bear stands there in abject wretchedness,  
as Old Lodge Skins places a single feather on Jack's  
head. Jack struggles to a sitting position.

OLD LODGE SKINS  
This boy is no longer a boy, he is  
a Brave. He is little in body, but  
his heart is big. His name shall  
be: "Little Big Man."

CONTINUED

52. CONTINUED

52.

The assembled group nods approval, as Old Lodge Skins solemnly puts armbands on Jack's arms, gives him a tomahawk and a knife. The CAMERA moves in for a CLOSE SHOT of Jack as he stands proudly in the regalia of a Cheyenne Brave.

53. EXT. THE PLAINS - DAY

53.

A herd of buffalo graze in the background. In the foreground Old Lodge Skins' nomadic band moves north. They do not disturb the buffalo. Women and children walk. Horses draw travois. The Braves are mounted. Suddenly, the Brave nearest CAMERA points.

54. EXT. THE SMOLDERING REMAINS OF A SMALL INDIAN CAMP - DAY

54.

Men, women and children are dead all around. Old Lodge Skins and his Braves ride up.

55. EXT. SMOLDERING CAMP - CLOSE - OLD LODGE SKINS AND JACK - DAY

55.

OLD LODGE SKINS

The white men did this. These were Human Beings, my son, and now they are dead, rubbed out by those ugly and unnatural creatures.

Jack stares down at the scene in horror and disbelief.

YOUNG JACK CRABB

I don't understand it, Grandfather. Why would they kill women and children?

OLD LODGE SKINS

Because they are cowards, my son.

(groans pensively)

But it is more than that. They are strange and do not seem to know where the center of the world is.

YOUNG JACK CRABB

(seems ill)

I think...maybe...they don't realize what they're doing.

CONTINUED

55. CONTINUED

55.

OLD LODGE SKINS

True, they are very ignorant. But I have always believed they have a reason for what they do, and I still believe that. We must have a war with those cowards and teach them a lesson.

Jack nods uncomfortably. Old Lodge Skins turns and looks at him.

56. EXT. CHEYENNE CAMP - DAY

56.

A few Braves and Jack are in warpaint and breechcloths. There is a restlessness and explosive energy that suggests an imminent battle. Old Lodge Skins approaches Jack.

OLD LODGE SKINS

Come.

YOUNG JACK CRABB

Yes, Grandfather.

The CAMERA follows Jack and Old Lodge Skins as they walk toward a teepee.

57. INT. TEEPEE - DAY

57.

Jack and Old Lodge Skins enter and sit down.

OLD LODGE SKINS

This will be the first time, my son, that I have faced the whites as an enemy.

YOUNG JACK CRABB

Yes, Grandfather.

OLD LODGE SKINS

My son...I don't know whether you can remember before you became a Human Being and as dear a son to me as those I made with Buffalo Wallow Woman and the others.

(rubs at nose)

I won't speak of that unfortunate time. I just want to say that if you believe riding against these white creatures would be bad medicine, you can stay out of the fight and no one will think the worse.

CONTINUED

The old man is very tense; the answer matters enormously to him.

YOUNG JACK CRABB  
(after a long pause)  
Grandfather...I think it is a good  
day to die...

OLD LODGE SKINS  
(tears come into  
his eyes, but his  
voice and face remain  
impassive)  
My heart soars like a hawk.  
(embraces Jack)

58. EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

58.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
I am sorry to say that Old Lodge  
Skins' "war" against the whites  
was ... kind of pitiful.

The attack party of Old Lodge Skins; ten Braves. The  
SHOT conveys an impression of the bravery and dignity  
of the American Plains Indian.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
Not that the Human Beings wasn't  
brave. No warrior ever walked the  
earth more brave than a Human Being.

59. EXT. CAVALRY SQUADRON - DAY

59.

Twenty white soldiers are dismounted and crouched in  
a circle and are FIRING repeating rifles.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
But Old Lodge Skins' idea of war and  
the white's idea of war were kinda  
different.

60. EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

60.

The Indians ride a wide circle around the white troops  
who FIRE steadily.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
Half our party didn't even use  
weapons. What they done was "take  
coup" -- hit the enemy with a little  
stick and humiliate him. That was  
how the Human Beings taught a coward  
a lesson and won a war.

51. EXT. PRAIRIE - CLOSER ANGLE - SHADOW - DAY

51.

He plunges his pony into the very midst of the white soldiers. He taps one on the shoulder with his willow wand, whirls his pony and taps another, then drives his pony back through the defensive circle. As he does this, the white soldiers are FIRING at him from every direction but by a miracle he is not immediately hit. In fact it seems that he will actually get away with his incredibly brave and "foolhardy" act, but fifty yards or so from the circle Shadow is hit and falls from his pony.

62. EXT. PRAIRIE - YOUNG JACK RIDING - DAY

62.

Young Jack reacts to the sight of Shadow falling, turning his head and shoulders in dismay. We see a brave by him fall wounded, then another.

63. EXT. SHADOW THAT COMES IN SIGHT - DAY

63.

He seems to be hit in the shoulder, rather bad. He is trying to crawl farther away to get out of the hail of BULLETS we can see digging up the ground all around him. White soldiers in the background FIRE their rifles continuously.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Repeating rifles against bow and arrow. I never could understand how the white world could be so proud of winnin' with them kinda odds.

64. EXT. PRAIRIE - JACK - DAY

64.

He turns his pony and rides toward the fallen Shadow. Shadow manages to get to his feet and with Jack's help gets on Jack's pony and they ride away as BULLETS WHISTLE all around them.

65. EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

65.

Jack helps wounded Shadow to mount a riderless pony. Old Lodge Skins and a few remaining Braves lead Shadow from the battle.

66. EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

66.

White troops mount their horses. A BUGLE SOUNDS CHARGE.

The white cavalry charges, sabers menacingly raised. Jack turns his pony, crouching low.

57. EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

57.

A GIANT TROOPER, saber drawn, pursues Jack. Suddenly Jack crouches lower and begins to rub desperately at the war paint on his face with the flap of his breech-clout. His action saves his life: the Giant Trooper rides by, taking a tremendous WHISTLING swipe at Jack with the saber. Jack ducks just as the saber goes over his head. The Trooper whirls his big bay around.

YOUNG JACK CRABB  
God bless George Washington!!

The Giant Trooper takes another vicious WHISTLING swipe at Jack, forcing Jack down on the offside of his pony. Clinging by his shins, Jack rides in a small circle, dogged by the Giant Trooper, who continues with clumsy murderous determination to try to get at him with the saber. With each missed blow, the huge Trooper sways awkwardly in the saddle. White cavalymen are rushing by, YELLING and HOLLERING in a dust cloud of confusion. Another and a final vast swipe by the Giant Trooper, and Jack puts a moccasined foot onto his ribs, pushes and unhorses him in a CLATTER of scabbard and spurs. The Trooper falls heavily to the ground and lies there stunned -- Jack instantly leaps from his pony, puts a knee on each shoulder of the dazed Trooper and lays the edge of his knife across the Trooper's throat.

68. EXT. BATTLE - TWO SHOT - DAY

68.

YOUNG JACK CRABB  
You murderin' fool, do I have to  
cut your throat to get it through  
your head I'm a white man?!!

GIANT TROOPER

White?

YOUNG JACK CRABB  
Sure I'm white! Didn't you hear  
me say God bless George Washington  
and God bless my mother? What kinda  
Indian would say a fool thing like  
that?

The Giant Trooper gawks open-mouthed with amazement. Young Jack Crabb takes a bandana from the Trooper's neck.

CONTINUED



YOUNG JACK CRABB (CONT'D)  
Lemme that to get off this paint.

Young Jack Crabb wipes war-paint off his face, exposing the unmistakably white skin underneath. The Giant Trooper stares in open-mouthed wonder.

DISSOLVE:

59. EXT. TRAVELING SHOT - BUGGY - DAY

59.

Young Jack Crabb and Reverend Silas Pendrake. Young Jack is clad in ill-fitting hand-me-down "white" clothes. Rings of ancient Indian dirt are still visible on his neck and around his ears. The Reverend Silas Pendrake is a portly, forbidding figure of a man with a great square-cut beard, beetling eyebrows and an enormous potbelly. He stares grimly ahead as if all by himself in the buggy.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
So it was I escaped a life of  
savagery and returned to the  
benefits and blessings of  
civilization.

70. EXT. TRAVELING SHOT - BUGGY - CLOSER - DAY

70.

Young Jack Crabb and Reverend Silas Pendrake as they ride in the buggy.

REVEREND PENDRAKE  
Can you drive a buggy, boy?

YOUNG JACK CRABB  
(swallows nervously,  
then nods)  
Yes, sir, right good.

REVEREND PENDRAKE  
You're a liar, boy. Where'd you  
learn to drive a buggy if you was  
reared by Indians? We shall have  
to beat the lying out of you.

Young Jack Crabb moistens his lips and swallows nervously. As he stares ahead, it is plain he has a few doubts about civilization.

## 71. INT. PENDRAKE HOUSE - DAY

71.

Young Jack Crabb and the Reverend Pendrake enter a parlor from a hallway. As he enters the parlor a look of wonder comes upon Jack's face and his mouth opens in dumbstruck awe.

## 72. INT. PARLOR - JACK'S P.O.V. - DAY

72.

MRS. LOUISE PENDRAKE in all her beauty. Mrs. Pendrake is considerably younger than the Reverend. She is modestly garbed but has an excellent figure. She comes forward with a melting smile.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Dear Jack ... welcome to your home.  
Your travail is over --  
(puts an arm around  
his shoulder)  
-- enfolded now, as you are, in  
Christian love.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Lord, Lord, that woman had a style.  
I never got over it and I don't  
reckon I ever will.

REVEREND PENDRAKE

Well, boy, are you unable to converse?

YOUNG JACK CRABB

(eyes fixed in wonder  
on Mrs. Pendrake)  
I ... I ... I'm glad to meet your  
daughter, sir.

REVEREND PENDRAKE

You are addressing my wife, boy.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Poor boy, poor darling ... Think of the  
years of suffering, deprivation and  
hardship among those ... awful savages.

Hypnotized by her, Young Jack nods.

REVEREND PENDRAKE

The boy's greatest deprivation, my  
dear, has been spiritual, not physical.  
The Indians know nothing of God and  
Moral Right. They eat human flesh,  
fornicate, adulterize, missodze-o-nize,  
and commune constantly with minions of  
the Devil. It must be our task, indeed  
our Christian duty, to beat that misery  
out of him.

CONTINUED

MRS. PENDRAKE

(shocked)

Beat the poor boy? Not while there's  
breath in my body.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I could of kissed her.

REVEREND PENDRAKE

(uncomfortably)

I didn't mean beat him literally, my  
dear, I meant beat him symbolically.

MRS. PENDRAKE

(her arm around Jack's  
shoulders, notices his  
dirty neck)

Poor boy! -- he hasn't even had a proper  
bath. His darling neck is all dirty.

REVEREND PENDRAKE

(sniffs once, then  
sniffs again, more  
loudly)

I think I detect the odor of food.  
Are the vicutals prepared?

Mrs. Pendrake has continued her inspection of Young Jack  
Crabb's dirty neck, with much piteous shocked shaking of  
the head.

MRS. PENDRAKE

I shall wash this poor dirty boy.

REVEREND PENDRAKE

It's supptime.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Silas, it's my Christian duty to give  
this boy an immediate, thorough bath.

She turns to Jack. We see the faintest little quasi-lewd  
glitter in her eyes behind the sweet smile.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Take off your clothes, dear.

YOUNG JACK CRABB

(a tiny gulp)

All of 'em?

MRS. PENDRAKE

Every stitch. But don't worry, darling --  
I sha. . avert my eyes at the necessary  
moment.

73. INT. PARLOR - CLOSE - JACK CRABB - DAY

73.

He begins a bit nervously to remove his shirt.

DISSOLVE:

74. INT. BATHROOM - TWO SHOT - DAY

74.

A soapy sponge being applied with a sweeping caress by a feminine hand to the definitely dirty back and neck of Young Jack Crabb. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Mrs. Pendrake standing over Jack as he sits in a copper-lined wooden tub. She is happily washing him and singing at her work in a sweet trilly voice.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
Brrrrring in the sheaves ...  
bringing in the sheaves ...  
Brrrrrrring in for  
Jee-ee-sus, bringing in the  
sheaves ...

Young Jack Crabb has a look of sheer numbed bliss.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
Greatest bath I ever had in  
my life.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
(singing)  
Shall we gather by the ri-i-i--iver,  
the bee-yoot-i-ful, the  
bee-yoot-i-ful ri-i-i-i-ver ...  
hmm-mm-m-m-m ...  
(continues with a caressing  
motion to wash Jack's back;  
then, gently)  
You do realize, don't you,  
dear Jack, that the Reverend  
Pendrake is not altogether wrong?

YOUNG JACK CRABB  
Huh? I mean ... what, Ma'am?

MRS. PENDRAKE  
Well, Jesus is your savior --  
you do realize that, don't you?

YOUNG JACK CRABB  
(gazes at her with  
sheer awe)  
Oh-h-h-h, Lo! / yes, Miz  
Pendrake!

CONTINUED

74. CONTINUED

74.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
(smiles, a bit coy but  
very genteel)  
Are you thinking of Jesus,  
Jack?

YOUNG JACK CRABB  
(a bit abashed)  
Yes'm, yes ma'am.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
You mustn't fib to me, you  
know.

YOUNG JACK CRABB  
Oh, no, ma'am. I love ...  
Jesus, and Moses, and all of  
'em.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
(becoming serious)  
Well, there's quite a difference,  
dear.  
(in dead earnest)  
Moses was a Hebrew, but Jesus  
was a gentile like you and me.

YOUNG JACK CRABB  
(nods, doesn't  
doubt it)  
Yes'm.

75. INT. BATHROOM - WIDER ANGLE - THREE SHOT - DAY  
ENTER Reverend Pendrake, grim and sullen.

75.

REVEREND PENDRAKE  
Ain't you done washing that  
boy yet? I want to eat.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
I'm giving the child important  
religious instruction, Silas.

REVEREND PENDRAKE  
(as he walks off)  
Pretty well-growed child if  
you ask me.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
(pours water  
over Jack)  
Now ... stand up, dear, and  
let me dry you with this towel.  
I will avert my eyes, of course.

The CAMERA moves in tactfully to avoid showing a totally nude Jack, as Mrs. Pendrake wraps the towel around him in a motherly way.

MRS. PENDRAKE (CONT'D)

That's right, dear. Now step out of the tub.

76. INT. BATHROOM - CLOSE - MRS. PENDRAKE - DAY

76.

She dries Jack's shoulders. Again, a faint quasi-lewd glitter is in her eyes.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Actually, you are rather well-grown, Jack. You're small, but ... nice looking. Did you know that?

YOUNG JACK CRABB

No, Ma'am.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Well, you are.

(now prim)

All the more reason for you to receive complete religious instruction. The girls, I am sure, will all be after you. And Jack ... ?

YOUNG JACK CRABB

Yes, Ma'am?

MRS. PENDRAKE

(utterly solemn)

That way lies madness.

YOUNG JACK CRABB

(really doesn't follow her; in his puzzlement neglects to hold the towel around him)

Ah-h, what way, Ma'am?

77. INT. BATHROOM - TWO SHOT - DAY

77.

Jack and Mrs. Pendrake from the waist up, but apparently Jack is not quite covered by the towel. Mrs. Pendrake's eyelids flutter slightly as she beholds his youthful nakedness.

C NTINUED

77. CONTINUED

77.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Well, ahemm ... you'll understand these things better when you're older. The point, my dear boy --

(gently, but firmly,  
pulls the towel more  
closely around him)  
-- is that we all must resist  
temptation.

But evidently Mrs. Pendrake cannot quite do so. Her hands casually move to Jack's towel-wrapped shoulders, as a dreamy emptiness comes on her face. The CAMERA moves in as Mrs. Pendrake slowly leans closer to Jack, her lips slightly apart and silky perspiration on her forehead.

MRS. PENDRAKE (CONT'D)

(a half-whisper)  
Purity ... is ... its own reward  
... dear Jack.

Mrs. Pendrake kisses Jack lightly on the cheek, then slowly lifts her hand to the side of his face and kisses him a bit more lingeringly on the lips. Her act is not lewd or obviously passionate; indeed, she is plausibly making a motherly gesture, almost. The trouble is that Mrs. Pendrake is plainly flustered, as she draws back from Jack.

MRS. PENDRAKE (CONT'D)

Welcome to your new home.  
(her eyelids flutter  
and drop)  
Now, dress and ... come in to  
supper.

She leaves as the CAMERA stays on Jack. He gazes after her worshipfully.

DISSOLVE:

78. INT. PARLOR - DAY

78.

Mrs. Pendrake and Young Jack Crabb in the parlor as she helps him with his lessons.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I even went to school and learned all over how to read and write and cipher. It was strange at first -- but Miz Pendrake tutored me, and I learnt fast. But there was one thing I didn't know nothin' about -- and that was a thing called sin.

79. INT. BARN - DAY

79.

Schoolgirl's books lying in a pile of hay. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we SEE Jack and the Pretty Schoolgirl lying in the hay heavily engaged in a passionate kiss. The Pretty Schoolgirl's dress is up above her knees and open at the front. Jack happily has his hand on her breasts. They are completely absorbed and having a grand time, when suddenly a horrible voice is heard on the track. They are in a barn.

REVEREND PENDRAKE'S VOICE  
A-A-A AHH! AH-H-H-R-HAAA!!

They react with horrified shock.

80. INT. BARN - P.O.V. SHOT OF REVEREND PENDRAKE - DAY

80.

Huge in the sunlit barn door.

REVEREND PENDRAKE  
(takes off his coat,  
reaches for a buggy  
whip)  
Boy, the hand of God must smite  
the carcass of man!

DISSOLVE:

81. INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

81.

Jack sits in a chair naked from the waist up, as Mrs. Pendrake applies ointment to the stripes on his back.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
But it's worth it, dear Jack,  
it's worth it a million times  
over! To walk in the paths  
of righteousness, to be pure  
and good -- there's no happiness  
like it! Do you believe me,  
Jack, do you believe me?

YOUNG JACK CRABB  
(fervently)  
Yes, ma'am, I sure do!

DISSOLVE:

82. INT. CHURCH - DAY

82.

Young Jack Crabb and Mrs. Pendrake both singing with devout enthusiasm from a hymn book.

CONTINUED



82. CONTINUED

82.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
So it was I entered my religion  
period. I was a great little  
hymn-singer, and I wasn't  
foolin' neither -- I'd been  
saved.

83. EXT. CREEK - DAY

83.

Young Jack Crabb in a white sheet being baptized by  
the Reverend Pendrake.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
Reverend Pendrake, he baptized  
me --

The Reverend Pendrake shoves Jack under the water; holds  
him down, tilts his spade beard toward the sky and prays  
mightily.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
-- and dern near drowned me.

84. INT. JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

84.

Jack in bed, solemnly reading the Bible.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
But I figured it was the best  
thing ever happened to me --  
washing off all that sin, with  
which I was covered head to toe.

85. EXT. TOWN STREET - DAY

85.

Young Jack with his schoolbooks on his way home. He  
passes two smiling young girls.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Miz Pendrake was right about  
temptation.

A Pretty Schoolgirl, as she smiles with mocking invitation  
at Jack. Jack piously turns away and walks on.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
But I wasn't havin' nothin' to  
do with them Jezebels. Like a  
damn fool I passed 'em by.

Young Jack Crabb glances back briefly. Both Schoolgirls  
are laughing.

CONTINUED

85. CONTINUED

85.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Yes, sir, I stayed out of them  
gates of hell -- and I've  
regretted it all my life, too.

Young Jack Crabb strides with pious squared shoulders  
toward the front of the Pendrake house.

86. INT. PARLOR - DAY

86.

Young Jack and Mrs. Pendrake, as she smiles and presses  
his hand with joy.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
I told Miz Pendrake all about  
my triumph over temptation --

Mrs. Pendrake picks up a Bible.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
-- and we read the Bible for  
about an hour to celebrate.

DISSOLVE:

87. INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - THREE SHOT - DAY

87.

The Reverend is stowing it away -- a tremendous pile  
of flapjacks, a plate containing half a dozen fried eggs  
with many strips of bacon. Mrs. Pendrake is nibbling  
delicately. Jack -- gloomily, picks at his food.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
As the weeks went by, I fell  
more and more in love with Miz  
Pendrake -- spiritually, of  
course.

Mrs. Pendrake puts down her napkin and rises.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
Well, I shall be off for my  
Wednesday shopping.

REVEREND PENDRAKE  
The boy's doin' so pore these  
days, why don't you take him  
along and air him?

MRS. PENDRAKE  
(a brief hesitation)  
Well ... he'd be bored with  
the shopping.

CONTINUED

YOUNG JACK CRABB

(eagerly)  
No, I wouldn't, Ma'am.

MRS. PENDRAKE

All right, you come with me  
then, Jack.

88. INT. SODA SHOP - DAY

88.

Young Jack, Mrs. Pendrake and Mr. Kane, a clean-shaven  
man with curly black hair and a coarse snooty manner.

MRS. PENDRAKE

(distantly)  
Good morning, Mr. Kane. This  
is Jack, my adopted son.

MR. KANE

(glances flatly  
at Jack)  
What's your pleasure, Ma'am?

MRS. PENDRAKE

(again with elegant  
dignity)  
Well, let's see ... I think I  
shall take a sassafrass flip.

Mr. Kane eyes her in silence for several seconds. But it  
should be plain to the audience if not to Young Jack that  
something is going on between these two.

MR. KANE

(quietly, eyes  
upon her)  
Sassafrass flip ... comin' up.  
(to Jack)  
How about you, Buster?

YOUNG JACK CRABB

Well ... the same.

Mr. Kane turns to the soda fountain. Jack sits on a  
stool and leans forward to look. Mrs. Pendrake frowns  
and clears her throat.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Ahhem, never mind for me, I  
must be off with my shopping.  
It would bore you terrily,  
Jack -- you stay here and have  
some cake.

(puts coins on counter)

CONTINUED

88. CONTINUED

88.

MR. KANE

I'll take care of him, Mrs.  
Pendrake.

MRS. PENDRAKE

(with cool dignity)

Thank you very much, I'm sure,  
Mr. Kane.

Obviously a trifle surprised to be thus so swiftly deserted,  
Young Jack Crabb gazes after Mrs. Pendrake as she gathers  
her skirts and EXITS.

89. INT. SODA SHOP - C.U. JACK - DAY

89.

He sits at the counter and eats chocolate cake and  
drinks, staring with keen interest at an elaborate soda  
water dispenser: the trunk of a small elephant head.  
Kane seems to have disappeared.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

That sodey shop was somethin' --  
especially that elephant head  
spigot. I was playin' with it  
and enjoyin' myself, then all  
of a sudden ...

(Jack looks around, pale  
and worried)

... an awful feelin' run through  
me, like dead leaves and rat  
feet scuttlin' across my grave.

(Jack stands up, looking  
around shop)

Where had that fella gone to??

90. INT. SODA SHOP - WIDE - DAY

90.

It is empty exept for Jack. He hesitates before a closed  
door, then opens it silently. CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he  
ENTERS a dim, unswept, cob-webby hall.

Jack walks silently down the dim hall and stops before  
another door. Again, he hesitates. Jack moistens dry  
lips, swallows and with great hesitation, reaches out his  
hand, takes the doorknob, silently turns it and opens  
the door. The CAMERA looks over his shoulder into a dim  
storage room.

91. INT. SODA SHOP - P.O.V. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

91.

Trunks and crates are piled to the ceiling, shelves are  
loaded and cobwebs are everywhere.

CONTINUED

A faint sigh is heard -- and suddenly the CAMERA -- i.e., Jack's own eyes -- ducks downward, tilting abruptly to focus on an area of the floor. Two pairs of ankles and two pairs of shoes stuck out on the floor just beyond a partition of shelves. Gray-spatted black, big-laced male shoes rest on bent toes between pearl-gray, small feminine shoes tilted upward.

MRS. PENDRAKE'S VOICE

Oh-h-h-h-h ... Oh-h-h-h, help!

The big male shoes bend at the toes.

92. INT. SODA SHOP - C.U. JACK - DAY

92.

Young Jack Crabb's face, empty with shock.

MRS. PENDRAKE'S VOICE

Don't, don't, you beast!  
Oh-h, oh-h-h-h you devil! You  
filthy-dirty-devil!

(a blood curdling  
gasp)

OH-H-H-H-H! O-H-H-H-H-H!

(with enormous and  
unmistakable lascivious  
glee)

Oh, you filthy, filthy ... wicked,  
wicked ... OH! OH! Oh! Help,  
I'm drying! I'm dryin!

Young Jack Crabb turns his head way, but continues for a moment to stand there.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(extra dry and laconic)

She was callin' him a devil and  
moanin' for help, but I didn't  
get no idea she wanted to be  
rescued.

93. INT. HALLWAY - JACK - DAY

93.

Silently shuts the storage room door and leans back weak and limp against the jamb, his face empty.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

That was the end of my religious  
period. I ain't sung a hymn in a  
hundred and four years.

Young Jack Crabb turns and walks off slowly down the hall.

DISSOLVE:

94. EXT. A CROWD AND SNAKE OIL WAGON - DAY

94.

At a prairie crossroads. ALLARDYCE T. MERIWEATHER is in the midst of a spiel, bottle in hand. Meriweather is a striking figure with huge head of silvery hair and a la Mark Twain. He is dressed to the nines in a checkered suit and has a stainless steel hook for a left hand. He has no left ear at all.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

After starvin' a while, I took up with a bunco artist, gambler, shell game man, snake oil specialist, liar, cheat and swindler named Allardyce T. Meriweather. After Miz Pendrake, his honesty was downright refreshin'.

Young Jack Crabb hobbles through crowd, a crutch under his arm and a dollar in his hand. He drinks from the bottle of snake oil and a slow smile of healthy relief spreads on his face and he discards the crutch.

Meriweather stomps three or four times on a pedal to operate a bass drum. He happily sells snake oil.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Meriweather was one of the smartest men I ever knowed, but he tended to lose parts of himself. He'd lost his left arm stealin' furs from the Eskimos and a bunch of Confederates lopped off his left ear for sellin' 'em sp'iled poke chops.

95. EXT. SNAKE OIL WAGON - JACK CRABB - DAY

95.

A mature man who looks about twenty-five, with the bottle in his hand making the spiel as Meriweather feebly stomps forward waving a dollar. Meriweather is shaking and trembling as if in the grip of St. Vitus dance; obviously, he is sorely afflicted with some obscure illness. But as he drinks from a bottle of snake oil, he smiles with healthy relief and stops shaking. He now wears a black eye-patch over one eye.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I spent quite some years with Meriweather -- and I growed -- if you can call it that -- from a boy into a man. Meriweather in the meanwhile lost an eye as a result of a fifth ace droppin' out of his sleeve in a poker game.

(More)

CONTINUED

95. CONTINUED

95.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)

It didn't faze him, though.  
Deception was his life's blood,  
even if it caused him to get  
whittled down, kind of gradual-  
like.

96. EXT. SNAKE OIL WAGON - JACK AND MERIWEATHER - NIGHT 96.

Camped at night in a ravine beside a small pond. Jack seems pensive, a bit melancholy. Meriweather is happily counting a sheaf of bills, now and again wetting his thumb with relish. Jack glances at him and reacts to the greedy glitter in his one good eye.

MERIWEATHER

You're improving, Jack. But you just can't seem to get rid of that streak of honesty in you. You'll never get over the Pendrakes. But the one that really ruined you was that damned Indian, Old Tee-Pee.

JACK CRABB

You mean Old Lodge Skins?

MERIWEATHER

He gave you a vision of moral order in the universe, Jack, and there isn't any.

(points upward)

Those stars twinkle in a void, dear boy, and the two-legged creature schemes and dreams beneath them all in vain.

JACK CRABB

Well ... may be. Do you hear something?

MERIWEATHER

Listen to me, Jack - the two-legged creature will believe anything ... and the more preposterous the better. Whales speak French on the bottom of the sea, the horses of Arabia have silver wings, pygmies mate with elephants in darkest Africa. I have told all those propositions.

CONTINUED

JACK CRABB  
(a wry smile, half-amused,  
half-depressed)  
Maybe you're right, Mr. Meriweather  
... maybe we're all fools and none  
of it matters.

MERIWEATHER  
(thinks he has convinced  
and won Jack)  
Stay with Allardyce Meriweather  
and you'll wear silk.

JACK CRABB  
I don't know as I want to  
wear silk.

MERIWEATHER  
My dear boy, what else can a  
man of parts wear than silk?

SOUND: CLICK of a rifle bolt from the darkness.

POSSE LEADER'S VOICE  
Tar 'n feathers, I reckon.

97. EXT. CITIZENS' POSSE - NIGHT

97.

Spookily lighted by the campfire. The POSSE LEADER is a huge, bulky flop-hatted fellow with a rifle and a gigantic wad of tobacco in his cheek. The dozen or so members of the posse stare with an icy coldness at Jack and Meriweather.

POSSE LEADER  
(quiet and deadly)  
All right, set right there.  
Don't make no moves -- unless  
you want a l'il daylight in  
your liver.

MERIWEATHER  
(a slightly ill  
possum smile)  
Might I ask what bring you out  
into the wilds at this hour, sir?

POSSE LEADER  
Citizens' Posse rides at all  
kinds of hour, Mister.

MERIWEATHER  
Citizens' Posse?  
(grins foolishly)  
What have I to do with a Citizens'  
Posse? -- Ha, ha, ha, ha.



97. CONTINUED

97.

POSSE LEADER

Are them the ones?

HANDLE-BAR-MOUSTACHED MAN

That's them.

98. EXT. TWO SHOT - POSSE LEADER AND JACK CRABB - NIGHT

98.

POSSE LEADER

I've seed this young 'un  
somewhere before.

JACK CRABB

I've never been in this country...

POSSE LEADER

You look mighty familiar, bub.

Unsatisfied, but unable to recall where he has seen Jack,  
the Posse Leader glowers and walks with slow heaviness  
toward the Snake Oil Wagon.

99. EXT. SNAKE OIL WAGON - POSSE LEADER - NIGHT

99.

He stares with distaste at the impressive brass-bound  
hogs-head and turns the spigot. A smoldering fluid comes  
out, hits the grass and gives off a smoky gas. The Posse  
Leader winces and shuts off the spigot.

POSSE LEADER

What you got in there, lye?

MERIWEATHER

Well, sir, you can't expect me  
to reveal the constituents --

(horrified, as the Posse  
Leader again turns on the  
spigot full blast)

-- sir, please, you're wasting  
precious medicine!

POSSE LEADER

Seven folks are half-dead  
because of this precious  
medicine.

(points)

What's in it?

MERIWEATHER:

Nothing harmful, I assure you.

CONTINUED

POSSE LEADER  
(half raises rifle)  
What?!

MERIWEATHER  
(now really frightened)  
Mostly water -- and ... whisky,  
a little pepper, oil of clovers,  
ginger root, epsom salt, and --  
please, shut it off!

POSSE LEADER  
(shuts off spigot)  
What else?

MERIWEATHER  
Bear grease, rendered and purified,  
a bit of calomel and a trace of  
carbolic acid to give it body.

POSSE LEADER  
And this cures sick folks?

MERIWEATHER  
Yes, it does -- magical curative  
power ... wait! wait! please!

The burly Posse Leader has grabbed the hogshhead and now proceeds to tip it over as Meriweather stares in horror. As the hogshhead empties, strangethings commence to pop out, odd slimy horrible objects -- they are a dozen large snake heads.

POSSE LEADER  
What's that?

MERIWEATHER  
(a little strained  
smile)  
That's a dozen snake heads.  
(the smile becomes more  
strained as the Posse  
Leader glares at him)  
To give it strength ...

The Posse Leader shoves the hogshhead on over and turns to speak to the other members of the posse.

POSSE LEADER  
All right, boys, let's dress  
'em up.

DI. SOLVE:

Jack Crabb and Meriweather covered with tar and feathers and mounted on rails, as the members of the posse ride them around the little pond. Several posse members, including the Posse Leader, carry torches for light. We can see the Snake Oil Wagon burning brightly in the background.

Jack and Meriweather cling awkwardly to the rails, upon which they sit straddled. They are a woeful sight, covered from head to toe with tar and feathers.

MERIWEATHER

We got caught, Jack, that's all. Life contains a particle of risk.

JACK CRABB

(a bit wearily)

Mr. Meriweather, you don't know when you're licked.

MERIWEATHER

Licked? I'm not licked! I'm tarred and feathered, that's all.

POSSE LEADER

All right, boys, I reckon they been rode enough, let 'em down.

The rails are lowered. Once again, the Posse Leader is staring in puzzlement at Jack.

POSSE LEADER

(to Jack)

I know I've seed you somewhere. What's your name, son?

JACK CRABB

(wearily)

Jack Crabb.

CONTINUED

100. CONTINUED

100.

POSSE LEADER

Jack Crabb?!!

(almost swallows  
his cud)Lorrrd above! Son -- do you  
have a birthmark on your arse,  
shaped like a Cupid's bow?

JACK CRABB

Yes, I do.

POSSE LEADER

(eyes narrowed  
with cunning)Which cheek???

JACK CRABB

Uh, the left.

POSSE LEADER

(clasps a hand  
on his head)Lorrrd! I've tarred 'n  
feathered my own brother!!!(yanks off the flop  
hat and now we see  
long hair -- the  
Posse Leader is a  
woman)Jack! It's me, your sister,  
Caroline!! Don't you know  
me, darlin'?

Jack stares in total befuddlement and shock at Caroline.

DISSOLVE:

101. INT. CAROLINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

101.

Jack sits on the edge of the bed in long underwear. Caroline is smiling tenderly at Jack as she darns a hole in a pair of pants.

CAROLINE

These britches belonged to Pore  
Daddy hisself, rest his soul.

(hands him pants,  
then sniffs with  
emotion and tenderly  
embraces him before  
he can put them on)  
At last I have found you, my  
little lost darlin' brother!  
Oh, it's wonderful, Jack --  
I can give you somethin' you  
never had before, an' somethin'  
I never had before neither!  
A real ... fam'ly life!

JACK CRABB

(a little smile,  
touched)  
Yeah ... a fam'ly life.

CAROLINE

You are back in the bosom of  
your fam'ly, Jack!

Jack's face is literally buried in the bosom of his family. Caroline is sniffing and Jack, too, is moved.

102. EXT. CLOSE - CAROLINE - DAY

102.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Caroline is grimly firing a huge revolver. Each shot shatters whisky bottles placed on a rock some feet away. Jack is flinching and looking on in frightened awe. Caroline has the classic "snake-eyed" expression of the gunfighter on her face. It is a kind of hood-eyed look of concentrated super-malignance.

CAROLINE

(turns to Jack,  
very sober)  
Okay -- now you.  
(slowly starts to  
unbuckle holster)

JACK CRABB

But Caroline, I don't know much  
about guns. In fact, I never  
even carried none.

CONTINUED

CAROLINE

Lord, Lord, what kinda upbringing!  
did them Indins give you? Never  
carried no gun -- why, a man ain't  
complete without a gun!

(in her exasperation  
has paused in removing  
holster; now with great  
philosophical earnestness)  
It's like ... bein' without, ah-h  
... not havin', ah-h ... well,  
it's like bein' in tur'ble condition  
or somethin'.

(brushes aside the  
perturbing thought)  
But never mind about that --  
point is we gotta correct your  
mess.

(solemnly puts holster  
on Jack)

Thank God I won't never have to  
wear that thang no more -- I got  
me a brother now to pectect me!

JACK CRABB

(stares at her in  
surprise)

Pectect you, Caroline?

CAROLINE

That's right. You see, men are  
always after me, pesterin' me,  
tryin' to ... you know. I drive  
'em wile. It's this figger of  
mine -- catnip to 'em.

(takes deep breath)  
Know what I mean?

JACK CRABB

Yeah, Caroline ... yeah, sure ...

CAROLINE

Believe me, I need a brother's  
ptection, Jack. Otherwise ...

(clears throat,  
then gravely)

Okay, let's git down to biz'ness.  
Go snake-eyed.

JACK CRABB

Do what?

CAROLINE

Like this.

CONTINUED

JACK CRABB

Do what?

CAROLINE

Like this.

Caroline assumes the classic snake-eyed expression and Jack imitates her.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

More.

Jack goes even more snake-eyed.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

All right, now draw and shoot that bottle ... before you tetch the gun.

JACK CRABB

(in exasperated  
puzzlement)

Now Caroline, how can I draw and shoot the gun ... before I tetch it?

CAROLINE

Concentration. Try it.

103. EXT. JACK - DAY

103.

He resumes the snake-eyed expression, then suddenly draws and FIRES. To his own surprise, his draw is very fast and he actually hits the bottle. Caroline, too, is surprised.

104. EXT. TWO SHOT - DAY

104.

Jack practicing as Caroline watches.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Caroline was right. It is possible to shoot a gun before you tetch it.

(very solemnly, absolutely  
serious and straight)

Of course, it takes lightning reflexes and considerable snake-eyed concentration.

Jack, very snake-eyed, drawing swiftly and hitting a large bottle in mid-air. Caroline nods, impressed.

JACK CRABB

(snake-eyed)

Throw up three.

CONTINUED

CAROLINE

Why, Hickock hisself cain't hit  
three. You better grab yo'  
aggies and go home, boy.

JACK CRABB

Throw up three.

105. EXT. DAY

105.

Caroline hesitates in awe, then gulps nervously and pulls three tiny bottles from her pocket, as Jack stands ready, snake-eyed and poised in the classic gun-fight posture, hands limply dangling and elbows rheumatically crooked. Caroline tosses the bottles into the air, and BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!! The bottles explode into puffs of powder. Open-mouthed, Caroline gawks at Jack. He smiles with pleased interest at his revolver, as if he has just found a sack of gold pieces.

CAROLINE

(flabbergasted)

Nat'ral bawn gun-fighter!!

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

So it was I entered my gun-fighter  
period.

DISSOLVE:

106. EXT. TOWN STREET - DAY

106.

Jack Crabb strolls down sidewalk, a cheroot in his mouth. He is gloriously decked out in a black gun-fighter outfit, with two huge engraved silver pistols, clinking spurs, the whole mess. Jack's expression is extremely snake-eyed and gun-fighterish.

107. INT. SALOON - DAY

107.

Jack saunters up to the bar. The other customers eye him warily and shrink away from him.

A rough, bullyish-looking Mule-skinner stands at the bar a few feet away from Jack.

JACK CRABB

(in a low, toneless  
manner)

You're crowdin' me.

CONTINUED



ROUGH MULE-SKINNER  
(wets his lips, a  
sickly smile)  
Sorry, Kid ... stupid of me ...  
(shrinks even farther  
away)

JACK CRABB  
Set me up with a sodey pop.

POP-EYED BARTENDER  
(awed tremendously)  
Yes-sir -- right away, Kid!

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
The "Sodey Pop Kid," that's what  
they called me.

A sudden raucous laugh is heard.

RAUCOUS LAUGHTER  
HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW!!!

Jack slowly turns, and the crowd in the saloon panics.  
Other things also occur: the piano stops dead, the Pop-  
eyed Bartender crouches down, two fat whores dancing on  
the tiny stage grab their skirts and run into the wings.  
Jack is slowly turning, a bit like a figure on a medieval  
clock.

108. INT. SALOON - MEDIUM - JACK - DAY

108.

He is in the classic gun-fighter posture.

109. INT. SALOON - JACK'S P.O.V. WILD BILL HICKOK - DAY

109.

A tall, handsome man with flowing mustache.

WILD BILL HICKOK  
(greatly amused)  
Sodey pop he wants! Ha ha ha ha!!

JACK CRABB  
(the gun-fighter monotone)  
Anything wrong with that, str-r-r-ranger??

WILD BILL HICKOK  
(amiably)  
Not a thing, friend. In fact I  
admire the style of it.

CONTINUED

109. CONTINUED

109.

JACK CRABB  
(still utterly  
snake-eyed)  
Might I ask who I are addressin'?

WILD BILL HICKOK.  
Sure.  
(the amiable smile  
fades, as he, too,  
goes snake-eyed)  
I am Wild Bill Hickok.

110. INT. SALOON - C.U. JACK - DAY

110.

He blinks slightly and his eyes become a trifle crossed.

JACK CRABB  
(finally, with a little  
ingenuous smile)  
Well ... pleased to meet you, I'm  
sure.

111. INT. SALOON - WIDER ANGLE - DAY

111.

WILD BILL HICKOK  
The pleasure's mutual, friend.  
Bring your sodey pop over here and  
set a while.

Jack strolls over and sits at the poker table beside Hickok. The nervous crowd at first seeps and then pours back into the room. Jack and Wild Bill sit side by side, each gazing straight ahead, expressionless as bad statues. At last Jack breaks the silence.

JACK CRABB  
I'm real fast.

WILD BILL HICKOK  
So I heard.

JACK CRABB  
I can break three bottles throwed  
in the air.

WILD BILL HICKOK  
That's shootin'.

Jack hasn't managed to make much of a dent on Wild Bill, and this apparently irks him.

CONTINUED

JACK CRABB

How many men have you ...  
gunned down?

WILD BILL HICKOK

(immensely poised)  
Oh, I don't rightly recollect.  
(for the first time,  
glances at Jack, a  
trace of amusement  
in his eyes)  
How many have you?

JACK CRABB

(unconvincingly)  
Oh-h, around ... two dozen ...

WILD BILL HICKOK

(politely)  
Is that a fact?

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

No, it wasn't a fact at all. In my  
gun-fighter period, I was an awful  
liar.

WILD BILL HICKOK

I wouldn't have estimated your total  
that high. No offense intended, Old  
Hoss, but you don't have the look of  
murder in your eyes, like for example --  
(glances to the  
side and nods)  
-- that buzzard over there.

112. INT. SALOON - JACK'S P.O.V. - DAY

112.

A VERY DRUNKEN MAN half-slumped over a whisky bottle  
at a nearby table.

113. INT. SALOON - TWO SHOT - JACK AND WILD BILL - DAY

113.

JACK CRABB

He's just a common drunk.

WILD BILL HICKOK

Maybe, maybe not.  
(takes a swallow of  
whisky, then in an  
amiable tone)  
What's your name. Old Hoss?

CONTINUED

113. CONTINUED

113.

JACK CRABB  
The Sodey Pop Kid --  
(half winces)  
-- I mean, Jack Crabb.

At this moment, the POP-EYED BARTENDER drops a glass with a CRASH, and Wild Bill Hickok leaps from his chair, hand at the butt of his revolver. The PIANO briefly CEASES as Wild Bill's eyes slew right and left. He sits down and the PIANO RESUMES.

JACK CRABB (CONT'D)  
What are you so nervous about?

WILD BILL HICKOK  
Getting shot.

Jack nods rather glumly. At this moment, a PLAYER at a nearby table wins a big pot and lets out a triumphant YELL.

POKER PLAYER  
Yeeeeee-hooooo!!! Full house!

Jack Crabb and Wild Bill Hickok both jump to their feet, each poised with hands over gun butts. Jack flinches in annoyance.

JACK CRABB  
Now you've got me doin' it.

WILD BILL HICKOK  
Sorry.  
(takes silk hat and  
begins to fan himself  
with it)  
Warm in here, isn't it?  
(glances at empty  
whisky bottle)  
Hold the fort, Old Hoss, while  
I get another bottle.

114. INT. SALOON - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

114.

Wild Bill Hickok rises, hat in hand, and walks toward the bar. He proceeds calmly past the slumped drunken man at the table. Suddenly, the DRUNKEN MAN rises up, cold sober, with a huge pistol in his hand. He raises it high and starts to level it at Hickok's broad back.

115. INT. SALOON - MIRROR - DAY

115.

Wild Bill Hickok instantly whirls. His pistol BLAZES through the silk hat he carries. The Drunken Man FIRES into the ceiling and catapults backward. Wild Bill strolls over and stares down calmly at the man.

POP-EYED BARTENDER

Know him, Bill?

WILD BILL HICKOK

(utterly calm)

Never saw the gent before.

116. INT. SALOON - C.U. JACK CRABB - DAY

116.

He leans over and peers down at the dead man.

117. INT. SALOON - P.O.V. - DAY

117.

The dead man.

118. INT. SALOON - TWO SHOT - DAY

118.

JACK CRABB

Mr. Hickok ... that man is really  
dead.

WILD BILL HICKOK

(laconically)

Yeah, got him through the lungs  
and heart both.

Jack seems ill as he watches Wild Bill's Adam's apple wobble as he drinks down a large tumbler of whisky.

DISSOLVE:

119. EXT. CAROLINE'S WAGON - DAY

119.

Jack in ordinary clothes as he stands on the town street with a vexed and disgruntled Caroline, who is heaving luggage onto a wagon.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

They ain't nothin' in this world  
more useless than a gun-fighter that  
can't shoot people. Caroline was  
plum disgusted.

CONTINUED

CAROLINE

Sellin' your gun-fighter outfit  
... turnin' in your gun ...

Shakes her head in weary disgust.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

And what are you gonna do with  
yourself, might I ask?

Jack shrugs.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Lord, Lord, them Indins ruined  
you! I'm goin' to Californy!

Jack watches Caroline mount into wagon.

JACK CRABB

Well, I ... I hope you find somebody  
to perpect you, Caroline.

CAROLINE

(in a less hostile  
tone; from wagon)  
I prob'ly won't. Men.  
(seems moved)  
Goodbye, Jack.

JACK CRABB

Goodbye Caroline.

120. EXT. - JACK - DAY

120.

As he sadly watches Caroline ride off.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

There went the bosom of my fam'ly.

DISSOLVE:

121. EXT. TOWN STREET - JACK AND OLGA - DAY

121.

They draw up in a delapidated wagon. They are dressed  
in cheap but pretentious wedding clothes. OLGA clutches  
a posey of rosebuds. They stare ahead with depthless  
gravity as if posing for a portrait, lips bitten together  
and eyes widened.

CO. INUED

121. CONTINUED

121.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
Havin' tried religion, swindlin' and  
gun-fightin', without no great amount  
of success, I decided middle-class  
respectability was the answer. I  
become a honest storekeeper and  
married Olga, a big Swedish girl  
who couldn't hardly speak no English.

122. EXT. GENERAL STORE - JACK AND OLGA IN WAGON - DAY

122.

The general store is on the ground floor. "APPLEBOUND,  
CRAIG AND CRABE," and beneath it, "Gen'l Merchandise."

Jack and Olga as they stand staring at the store.

JACK CRABB  
Well, shall I ... carry you over  
the threshold?

OLGA  
(obviously doesn't  
have the foggiest)  
Yah-h, yah-h ...

Jack eyes Olga, measuring the heft of her. Olga is a  
big girl with primrose yellow hair, an armful indeed  
for Jack. He shoves up his sleeves, takes a deep breath,  
crouches beneath her and with an effort manages to pick  
her up, as Olga stares at him a trifle wide-eyed,  
evidently alarmed.

JACK CRABB  
It's a custom.

OLGA  
(dubiously)  
Yah-h-h ... ?

Jack staggers through the door with Olga in his arms.

123. INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

123.

JACK CRABB  
Well, it ain't much now, Olga, but  
you wait. My partners and me have  
got big plans. Free enterprise and  
-- whew!!  
(he is out of breath  
from lugging Olga)  
-- honest sweat, that's the answer.

CONTINUED

123. CONTINUED

123.

OLGA  
(reassured now, looks  
around happily)  
Yah-h-h ...

DISSOLVE:

124. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

124.

Jack Crabb in clerk-type clothing as he burns the midnight oil over ledger books. Olga in an old-fashioned nightgown in a rocking chair. Jack frowns at a piece of paper in puzzlement.

JACK CRABB  
I don't understand this bill of  
ladin'. Looks like I'm bein'  
charged twice for the same goods.

OLGA  
(smiles)  
Yah-h, de bills ... de bills for  
de store, yah-h-h ...

JACK CRABB  
I must be makin' a mistake.  
Honest Jack Applebound wouldn't  
do that to me.

DISSOLVE:

125. EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

125.

Next to the store. An auction is in progress; the goods of the store are piled in the yard and a walrus-mustached AUCTIONEER is busy at work. An eager, grinning crowd sits on camp chairs. Jack stands, sadly patting Olga on the shoulder as she cries.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
Unfortunately, I was honest, but my  
partners wasn't.

AUCTIONEER  
Sold to the lady in the bright-blue  
bonnet!  
(holds up a  
chamber pot)  
What am I bid for this musical  
instrument, folks? Nickel-nickel-  
nickel, cheap at the price!

CONTINUED



125. CONTINUED

125.

JACK CRABB  
(bravely, but his tail  
is dragging)  
Don't cry, Olga -- we'll get out  
of this somehow.

OLGA  
(weeping into  
handkerchief)  
Oh, Yack ... Yack ...

126. EXT. - SPLENDID SHOT - DAY

126.

GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER astride an impressive  
horse with two AIDES beside him. Custer's uniform is  
immaculate.

CUSTER  
That ... is a pathetic scene.

AIDE  
Yes, sir.

CUSTER  
(with serene calm, not  
the faintest trace of  
human sympathy, really)  
A ruined and desolate family, wiped  
out by economic misfortune. I find  
it touching.

AIDE  
Yes, sir.

127. EXT. - CLOSE SHOT - JACK - DAY

127.

He stares up in awe at Custer.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
I'll never forget the first time I  
set eyes on General George Armstrong  
Custer.

128. EXT. GROUP SHOT - JACK AND CUSTER - DAY

128.

OLGA  
(weeping piteously)  
Oh-h-h-h, OH-H-H-H ... rooned,  
dat's vat ve is, Yack, rooned.

CONTINUED

128. CONTINUED

128.

CUSTER  
(in a tone meant to  
be kindly, to Jack)  
Have you another trade, my good  
man?

JACK CRABB  
(utterly awed)  
Well, no, Gen'ral ... not exactly.

CUSTER  
Then take my advice --  
(raises his arm and  
points a gloved hand)  
-- go West.

OLGA  
(her eyebrows rise  
in horror)  
Vast? Oh, no, no, no ...

JACK CRABB  
(explains, a  
bit embarrassed)  
My wife, she's awful scairdt of  
Indians.

CUSTER  
(smiles, distantly)  
My dear woman, you have nothing  
to fear from the Indians. I  
give you my personal guarantee.

129. EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY

129.

A six-horse stagecoach in the midst of an attack by  
Cheyenne Indians mounted on ponies.

130. INT. COACH - OLGA AND JACK - DAY

130.

Olga, wide-eyed with terror, lies on the floor of the  
stagecoach, sprawled half-across another female  
passenger, a SCRAWNY SCHOOLMARM. Jack is crouched  
protectively over the women. Two other male passengers  
are INCLUDED IN the SHOT: a dour-faced DEACON in a  
stove-pipe hat and ferret-eyed GAMBLER in a checkered  
waistcoat and velveteen spats. The Deacon holds an  
unopened Bible on his lap and sits ramrod erect, eyes  
slewed in dour disapproval to watch the attacking  
Indians; the Gambler is fiddling ineffectively with a  
small derringer.

CONTINUED

130. CONTINUED

130.

JACK CRABB

Don't worry, Olga -- there ain't many of 'em, and they can't get us in here!

131. INT. COACH - C.U. OLGA - DAY

131.

She points a finger at the window and begins to choke.

OLGA

AHCH ... ACCH ... AHHHCHH ..

132. INT. COACH - P.O.V. CHEYENNE BRAVE - DAY

132.

The BRAVE's head and shoulders are in the open stagecoach window. He raises a huge knife as Jack lunges at him and grapples with him. Eyeball to eyeball they sweatily struggle over the knife, half in and half out of the coach. Suddenly, a heavy Bible whonks down with considerable force upon Jack's head. Jack flinches in surprise at this misdirected blow from the dour-faced Deacon but continues to cling desperately to the wrist of the Cheyenne Brave. Jack and the Brave sway back and forth and again Jack is clouted over the head with the heavy Bible.

JACK CRABB

Hey! -- cut that out, damn it!

DOUR-FACED DEACON

Sorry, brother.

133. INT. COACH - GAMBLER - DAY

133.

FERRET-EYED GAMBLER

Lemme get 'im with this derringer!

He squints his eyes and pulls the trigger. A CLICK, as the derringer misfires.

FERRET-EYED GAMBLER (CONT'D)

Stupid thing!

The Gambler throws the derringer at the Cheyenne Brave, and hits Jack squarely between the shoulders.

JACK CRABB

Ouch!!

DOUR-FACED DEACON

(to the Gambler)

Move, I'll hit hi: again with the Bible!

134. EXT. COACH - BRAVE AND JACK - DAY

134.

Jack manages to plant a foot on his chest and shove him out the window.

135. INT. COACH - TIGHT GROUP SHOT - DAY

135.

OLGA

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

JACK CRABB

It's all right, Olga, he's gone!  
(looks around worriedly)

But something's wrong -- the stage  
is slowin' down!

136. EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY

136.

On top of the stagecoach. The DRIVER has an arrow sticking in his shoulder and is slumped over writhing in pain. He has lost the reins. The SHOTGUN GUARD apparently is uninjured, but is crouched over in utter terror; he is making no effort either to defend the stagecoach or to retrieve the reins.

137. EXT. COACH - JACK - DAY

137.

He climbs out of the window to reach the top of the stagecoach.

138. EXT. TOP OF COACH - DAY

138.

The Driver is hit again with another arrow and falls from the stagecoach. The Shotgun Guard MOANS in utter terror and hunkers down over the shotgun in his lap. Jack climbs INTO the SHOT and glares angrily at the Guard.

JACK CRABB

Grab the reins, you fool!

SHOTGUN GUARD

Huh?

JACK CRABB

Shoot at 'em!

SHOTGUN GUARD

Do what?

CONTINUED

138. CONTINUED

138.

Jack grabs the shotgun and attempts to snatch it from the Guard. In an utter mindless panic, the Guard holds tight to the shotgun.

JACK CRABB  
Gimme that shotgun!

SHOTGUN GUARD  
No-no! -- no, it's mine!

JACK CRABB  
Shoot it, then!

SHOTGUN GUARD  
(frowns, can't comprehend)  
Shoot it?

Meanwhile, the horses are running free. Jack gives up on the Guard; he tenses and jumps out upon the back of the nearest horse.

139. EXT. - HORSES - PROCESS - DAY

139.

Jack goes after the traces jumping from horse to horse in the classic manner. However, an INDIAN BRAVE takes his cue from Jack and jumps from his pony onto the stagecoach horse opposite Jack. The Brave grins widely, pleased with himself. Jack jumps to the next horse, and the Brave also jumps to the next horse, and again grins widely at Jack. Jack glowers at him and jumps to the lead horse on the right, as the Brave jumps to the lead horse on the left. Jack grabs the traces of the right lead horse and the Brave grabs the traces of the left lead horse and now they begin a tug of war over the traces. The leather is stretched between them as they pull mightily.

140. EXT. - SHOTGUN GUARD - DAY

140.

Now finally he has decided to act. He aims the shotgun and FIRES it ... BA-LOOM!!!

141. EXT. - LEAD HORSES, JACK AND BRAVE - DAY

141.

The blast cuts the traces. Jack falls to one side, the Brave to the other.

142. EXT. - LOW ANGLE - JACK AND THE BRAVE LAND IN THE  
JAWER - DAY

142.

The stagecoach rumbles over a plank bridge.

143. EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY 143.  
It is slowing down. The Indians pursue and surround it.
144. EXT. RIVER - JACK - DAY 144.  
A suitcase has tumbled off the top of the stagecoach and we see various items of apparel float down through the air. Jack is trying to swim to the bank but a mass of feminine underwear settles down over his head. In the background of the shot, we see the Indian Brave climb up the opposite bank and hurry off toward the stagecoach.
145. EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY 145.  
Cheyenne Braves stop it completely. Other Braves FIRE rifles and arrows onto the stagecoach.
146. INT. STAGECOACH - DAY 146.  
Olga lies groaning on the floor, unhurt but terrified. The door suddenly is hurled open and a smiling, paint-covered Brave stares down at her. The Brave grabs her by the hand, hauls her out of the stagecoach. We see in this shot the very dead bodies of the Deacon and the Gambler.
147. EXT. RIVERBANK - JACK - DAY 147.  
A pair of wet bloomers are stuck to his shoulders. He crawls up the bank and runs toward the halted stagecoach. Suddenly, he stops in horror.
148. EXT. JACK'S POV - DAY 148.  
Olga being hoisted like a sack of meal across the back of an Indian pony by the Brave. She is limp with terror and her eyes are popped.
149. EXT. JACK - DAY 149.  
JACK CRABB  
OLGA! OLGA!
150. EXT. INDIANS AND OLGA - DAY 150.  
OLGA  
Yack! Yack! Help me, Yack!
- The Brave springs upon the pony behind Olga and whacks her hard on the buttocks. Olga at once goes limp. The Indians ride off.

151. EXT. WIDE SHOT ACROSS STAGECOACH TO JACK - DAY

151.

Jack running toward the stage.

JACK CRABB

Olga! Olga!

Jack reaches the stagecoach. He sags hopelessly.

152. EXT. JACK'S POV - DAY

152.

The departing war party of Cheyenne. The SCRAWNY SCHOOL-MARM is also draped across a pony, but apparently has fainted. Olga, however, is conscious and we can hear a distant waif-like cry.

OLGA

Yack ... Yack... Yack...

153. EXT. CU JACK - DAY

153.

He stares helplessly after the Indians. There is nothing he can do.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Somehow I had to find Olga and rescue her from my old friends, the Human Beings. I didn't know 'em personal, but it was a Cheyenne band that had captured her.

154. EXT. PRAIRIE - JACK - DAY

154.

Walking with a pack on his back. We see a herd of buffalo in the background.

155. EXT. SNOW COVERED PRAIRIE - SMALL BAND OF INDIANS - DAY

155.

Jack approaches a small band of Indians on the march. They are not hostile. Jack speaks to them. The Indians shrug. Obviously he is asking about Olga and they don't know of her.

156. EXT. RUGGED COUNTRY - JACK - DAY

156.

His clothes are now ragged and he is unshaven.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I finally had to go deeper  
into Cheyenne country.

157. EXT. RAVINE - JACK - DAY

157.

Walking.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I didn't figure for me it was  
dangerous, speakin' Cheyenne  
and havin' once been a Human  
Being myself.

A brown figure suddenly pounces upon Jack from behind a bush, and then another brown figure. His arms are pinned. A small party including Shadow That Comes In Sight, Cold Face, Dirt On The Nose and several others from Old Lodge Skins' band, including Burns Red In The Sun.

JACK CRABB

(surprised and  
delighted)

Burns Red! Where'd you  
come from?

BURNS RED IN THE SUN

Why did you steal my father's  
ponies?

JACK CRABB

Brother, don't you know  
me?

158. EXT. BURNS RED IN THE SUN - DAY

158.

He glowers at Jack. A nasty-looking war club hangs on a strap from one wrist and a huge scalping knife is stuck in his belt.

CONTINUED



BURNS RED IN THE SUN

You white men. We took you in and  
fed you when you were hungry and lost,  
and then you steal our ponies.

JACK CRABB

What ponies, Brother?!

BURNS RED IN THE SUN

(with serene conviction)

The ponies of my father, the ones you  
stole.

SHADOW THAT COMES IN SIGHT

(takes a step forward, grim,  
huge war club in hand)

He is a bad man. Let's kill him.

BURNS RED IN THE SUN

All right.

JACK CRABB

Wait, Brother! I didn't steal your  
father's ponies, Brother!

BURNS RED IN THE SUN

(frowns in annoyance)

Why do you keep calling me "Brother?"  
I want you to stop doing that. I am  
not your brother, I am a Human Being.

JACK CRABB

Only seven snows ago I was your brother,  
I lived in Old Lodge Skins' teepee, and  
I hunted and fought with the Human Beings!  
I suppose you will say you have never  
heard of Little Big Man!

BURNS RED IN THE SUN

Little Big Man was my brother, but  
you're not him. He fought beside me  
in battle and was killed after rubbing  
out many bluecoats.

JACK CRABB

Did you see the body?

BURNS RED IN THE SUN

(calmly)

No, he turned into a swallow and flew  
away.

159. EXT. - ANGLE AT SHADOW THAT COMES IN SIGHT - DAY

159.

He steps forward, as if a bit weary of the pow-wow,  
his war club in hand.

SHADOW THAT COMES IN SIGHT  
Let's kill him and go home.

JACK CRABB  
Shadow, you were shot...here!  
(points to his shoulder)  
I picked you up on my pony and saved you!

Shadow hesitates, now Jack turns to Dirt On The Nose.

JACK CRABB  
Dirt on the Nose -- do you still have  
that black pony I gave you up at the  
Powder River?

DIRT ON THE NOSE  
No, the Pawnees stole him when we were  
camped at Old Woman Butte five snows ago.

160. EXT. - ANGLE AT INDIANS - DAY

160.

They are bewildered.

BURNS RED IN THE SUN  
It is true there is a thing here I do  
not understand.  
(puts hands on his temples)  
There is a pain between my ears.

161. INT. - OLD LODGE SKINS' TEEPEE

161.

Old Lodge Skins is seated in a typical "Old Lodge Skins"  
camp. The band roughly pulls Jack into the teepee.  
Old Lodge Skins stares at Jack. Jack slowly walks over  
and with hesitation, heart in mouth, stands in front of  
the old man to receive judgment. For several seconds  
Old Lodge Skins stares at him.

OLD LODGE SKINS  
(serenely calm)  
My son, to see you again causes my heart  
to soar like a hawk. Sit here beside me.

162. INT. - OLD LODGE SKINS' TEEPEE - JACK AND-  
OLD LODGE SKINS - DAY

162.

Jack sags down to the right of the old man. Old Lodge  
Skins, his face as impassive as ever, embraces Jack.  
Jack hands the old man his gloppy hat.

JACK CRABB  
Grandfather, I brought this present.

162. CONTINUED

162.

OLD LODGE SKINS

Is this the same hat I used to own,  
except grown softer of skin and fatter?

JACK CRABB

No, Grandfather, It's another.

OLD LODGE SKINS

We must smoke to your return.

(commences to fix a pipe)

I saw you in a dream. You were drinking  
from a spring that came out of the long  
nose of an animal..I did not recognize  
the animal. Alongside this nose he grew  
two horns. The water that gushed from  
his nose was full of air.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I can't explain it, but he was talkin'  
about that elephant head in Kane's  
sodey shop. And this wasn't the only  
time Old Lodge Skins had dreams that  
turned out true.

163. INT. - JACK, OLD LODGE SKINS AND INDIAN BAND - DAY

163.

OLD LODGE SKINS

Don't be angry, my son, with Burns Red,  
Shadow, and the others. They had many  
bad experiences last year with white  
men. The white men have all lost their  
minds in the search for yellow dust,  
but of cours they were crazy already.

JACK CRABB

(nods in agreement)

Yes, Grandfather.

OLD LODGE SKINS

They don't know where the center of  
the earth is.

JACK CRABB

Grandfather...I...I have a white  
wife.

OLD LODGE SKINS

(politely)

You do? That's interesting. Does she  
cook and work hard?

JACK CRABB

Yes, Grandfather.

CONTINUED

163. CONTINUED

163.

OLD LODGE SKINS

I'm surprised. Does she show pleasant enthusiasm when you mount her?

JACK CRABB

Well, sure, Grandfather.

OLD LODGE SKINS

That surprises me even more. I tried one of them once, but she didn't show any enthusiasm at all.

JACK CRABB

Well, Grandfather...all the whites aren't crazy.

OLD LODGE SKINS

(serenely)

I am glad to hear it, my son. I thought they were.

JACK CRABB

No, Grandfather, not all. I know of one who is as brave as any Human Being.

OLD LODGE SKINS

I'd like to meet this man and smoke with him. What is he called?

JACK CRABB

He's called General Custer, Grandfather.

OLD LODGE SKINS

General Custer...what does this name mean, my son?

JACK CRABB

It means, "Long Hair," Grandfather.

OLD LODGE SKINS

A good name. How did he win it?

JACK CRABB

Well...he won it in the war of the whites to free the black man, Grandfather.

OLD LODGE SKINS

Oh, yes, the black white man, I know of them. It is said that a black white man once became a Human Being, but mostly they are strange creatures. Not as ugly as the whites, true, but they're just as crazy.

DISSOLVE:

164. EXT. - OLD LODGE SKINS' TEEPEE - DAY

164.

The members of the band are waiting with grave expressions. Old Lodge Skins emerges, followed by Jack.

OLD LODGE SKINS

I have thought and talked and smoked on this matter. And my decision is that Little Big Man has returned.

The Indians all break into smiles and come forward and embrace and touch Jack.

DISSOLVE:

165. EXT. - JACK AND HIS INDIAN FRIENDS - DAY

165.

Having a feast of boiled dog.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

It was quite a home-comin'

166. EXT. - LITTLE HORSE - DAY

166.

Riding up on a pony and dismounting. He is dressed elegantly and has a decidedly "delicate" style. He puts his hands on Jack's shoulders, puts his cheek against Jack's and slips an arm around Jack's waist.

LITTLE HORSE

Little Big Man, you've grown so strong and handsome...Don't you remember me? This hurts me in my heart, I think I'll cry.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

It was Little Horse -- the boy who didn't want to fight the Pawnees. He'd become a Heemanah, for which there ain't no English word. The Human Beings thought a lot of him..

Little Horse flutters his eyelids, then does a graceful little dance.

167. EXT. - YOUNGER BEAR - DAY

167.

Rides backward on a horse toward the camp.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Around then, another old acquaintance of mine showed up.

The Indian dismounts in a peculiar way and walks backward toward the group, straight through several thorny-looking bushes and on through the ashes of an old campfire. A few feet from the group, the Indian turns sullenly, stares over his shoulder.

## OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

It was Younger Bear -- the boy whose life I'd saved, to his mortal embarrassment.

## JACK CRABB

Hello, Younger Bear.

## YOUNGER BEAR

(without hostility)

Goodbye.

Younger Bear stares at Jack's white clothes. Buffalo Wallow Woman walks up and peers at two dead rabbits hanging from Younger Bear's belt.

## LITTLE HORSE

(to Younger Bear)

Did you catch rabbits on your hunting trip?

## YOUNGER BEAR

No.

He pulls rabbits from his belt and holds them by the ears.

## LITTLE HORSE

Don't give the uncaught rabbits to Buffalo Wallow Woman.

Younger Bear promptly hands the rabbits to Buffalo Wallow Woman, then walks off backward for several feet, squats on the ground and begins to rub himself with handfuls of dirt.

## OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Younger Bear had become a Contrary, the most dangerous of all Cheyenne warriors because the way they live drives 'em half crazy. Except for battle, a Contrary does everything backwards. He says "goodbye" when he means "hello," "yes" when he means "no," walks through bushes instead of on trails, washes with dirt and dries with water, and so forth.

168. EXT. - YOUNGER BEAR - DAY

168.

Covered with dirt. Now he rises, looks over his shoulder at Jack.

## YOUNGER BEAR

I thought you were dead. Why have you come back when nobody wants to see you?

CONTINUED

168. CONTINUED

168.

LITTLE HORSE

You mustn't talk to Little Big Man like that. You owe him a life.

YOUNGER BEAR

(grinds his teeth, then in a tone as if apologizing)  
I am glad I said it. Hello.  
(walks off backwards)

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

And that was supposed to mean he was sorry he said it, goodbye.

169. EXT. - CREEK - EDGE OF CAMP - YOUNGER BEAR - DAY

169.

Walks backward into the creek and starts to "dry off" with water. He stares with pure hatred at Jack.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

But that Indian wasn't sorry. He hated me still.

DISSOLVE:

170. EXT. - OLD LODGE SKINS' BAND - DAY

170.

Preparing to move. Jack also is preparing for a journey. As Old Lodge Skins assembles his medicine, Jack accepts strips of dried meat from Indian women and packs it in deerskin bags and places the bags on an Indian pony.

JACK CRABB

I must look for my white wife with the yellow hair, Grandfather.

OLD LODGE SKINS

Don't worry, my son. You will return to the Human Beings. I dreamed it last night. I saw you and your wives as you crawled from one to the other in your teepee.

JACK CRABB

(frowns)

Wives, Grandfather?

OLD LODGE SKINS

Yes, three, or perhaps four. It was dark and they were hidden under buffalo robes, but it was a great copulation, my son.

JACK CRABB

(gently)

Grandfather, the Human Beings only take one wife. How could I have three or four?

OLD LODGE SKINS

I don't know. It worries me.

Jack smiles in affectionate but rather sad amusement at the old man.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I was sure I'd never see him again.

DISSOLVE:

171. EXT. - REMOTE TRADERS' SHACK - DAY

171.

Outside, a few Indian "friendlies" sit on the ground. They are sick and alcohol besotted. They look up and beg from Jack. He has nothing to give. His clothes are worn.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I covered most of three states and hundreds of square miles lookin' for Olga, with no luck at all.

DISSOLVE:

172. EXT. - MORE INDIAN "FRIENDLIES" - DAY

172.

Outside the gates of a military fort, white soldires and passing wagons with mules. Jack Crabb stands in the mud talking to Custer who is mounted on a fine horse above him, surrounded by Aides. A GRIZZLED SERGEANT stands outside a small tent from which hangs a sign: "CIVILIAN EMPLOYMENT."

CUSTER

(gazing at Jack dubiously)  
You don't look like a scout to me.  
Why do you want the job?

JACK CRABB

I figure it's the best way of findin' my wife, Gen'ral. She was captured by the Cheyenne, as a result of our goin' West like you advised.

CUSTER

I advised? That's impossible, I've never set eyes on you before.

JACK CRABB

Well, I didn't expect you'd remember it, Gen'ral --

CUSTER

Furthermore, you don't look like a scout to me, not a bit. A scout has a certain appearance -- Kit Carson, for example. But you don't have it, you look like a mule skinner.



JACK CRABB

Well, I... I don't know a thing  
about mules, Gen'ral.

CUSTER

(turns to Aide; as if Jack  
has not spoken)

It's a remarkable thing, but I can  
tell the occupation of a man merely  
by looking at him. See, the bandy  
legs, the strong hands -- this man  
has spent years with mules.

(fixes Jack with steely glare)  
Isn't that correct?

JACK CRABB

(a feeble smile)

Well, ah-h ... yes, sir.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I didn't know one end of a mule from  
the other, but what else could I do but  
agree with him?

Custer turns with a serene calm to the Grizzled Sergeant.

CUSTER

Hire this mule-skinner.

GRIZZLED SERGEANT

Yes, sir!

DISSOLVE:

173. EXT.- CAMPFIRE - JACK CRABB - NIGHT

173.

sitting around a large campfire at night with a dozen  
or so white cavalry soldiers and six Pawnee Braves.  
The Grizzled Sergeant sits beside Jack. His attitude  
toward him is a bit cold and unfriendly.

GRIZZLED SERGEANT

Good news. One of the Pawnees has  
located a band of the vermin camped  
up the river.

JACK CRABB

Any white woman with them?

GRIZZLED SERGEANT

(pauses, eyes doubtfully on Jack)

If it was me, I wouldn't want no wife of  
mine back after she'd been with Injuns.  
Kindest thing would be a bullet in her  
brain.

CONTINUED

JACK CRABB  
(quiet but firm)  
Well, I don't agree and I want  
my wife back.

GRIZZLED SERGEANT  
(rises, grinning)  
We ride in the mornin'.

DISSOLVE:

174. EXT. MOUNTED CAVALRY AND SCOUTS - DAWN

174.

Jack wears an old discarded cavalry jacket and carries a rifle, with a pistol in his belt. Jack is very pale, worried. A Pawnee scout points ahead and the Grizzled Sergeant calls a halt.

The Grizzled Sergeant grins and speaks to Jack.

GRIZZLED SERGEANT  
Got your rifles all oiled for a  
little shootin'?

Jack is silent.

GRIZZLED SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
Best thing you can do is get yourself  
a little revenge on them bucks.

175. EXT. WIDER ANGLE - DAWN

175.

The Grizzled Sergeant turns his horse and faces the cavalry.

GRIZZLED SERGEANT  
(in a louder tone to  
the troops)  
All right, spare females and  
children if possible, let's go.

They ride up the slope of a hill and from the summit see an Indian camp on the opposite bank of a small river, tattered teepees surrounded by swirls of fog in the dawn. The women and children are already up and we see women tending campfires.

176. EXT. CLOSE SHOT - JACK - DAWN

176.

He flinches as the Pawnees commence to whoop and FIRE their rifles.

177. EXT. CHARGE - JACK - DAWN

177.

He is swept along by the charge. They plunge on down the slope toward the shallow and wide river directly across from the camp. The camp is situated on a peninsula bend in the river.

The cavalry splashes across. The Cheyenne Braves courageously stand and FIRE as the women and children flee up a brush-grown gully.

178. EXT. CHARGE - JACK - DAY

178.

Gallops into the camp, rifle in hand. Suddenly, he yanks at the reins of his horse as he sees an Indian woman running from a teepee with a small child in her arms. A RAT-FACED SOLDIER grins and raises his rifle to shoot her. Jack reaches out and grabs the rifle, turns it skyward as it FIRES.

179. EXT. JACK AND RAT-FACED SOLDIER - DAY

179.

JACK CRABB

He said spare the women and children!

RAT-FACED SOLDIER

Leggo my rifle, you fool!!

JACK CRABB

The hell I will!

Jack yanks at the rifle with all his might and drags the Rat-Faced Soldier off his horse. In the struggle, Jack has dropped his own rifle as he sees the Grizzled Sergeant, saber high riding after the fleeing Indian woman.

The Grizzled Sergeant reaches the woman before Jack can get there, and he takes a swipe at her with the saber but she ducks, runs on toward thick brush by the riverbank. Jack rides hard after them, the two rifles under his arm.

180. EXT. INDIAN CAMP - CHEYENNE BRAVE - DAY

180.

FIRES a rifle and Jack is hit, a cloud of dust rising from the cavalry jacket. The rifles spin from under his arms and he clutches his shoulder, and rides on.

181. EXT. INDIAN CAMP - GRIZZLED SERGEANT - DAY

181.

Again raises the saber to strike the Indian woman, who now has nearly reached the brush. Jack rides into the SHOT, grabbing at the reins of the Sergeant's horse and causing the Sergeant once again to miss the woman.

GRIZZLED SERGEANT

(in a rage)

You'll hang for that!!

CONTINUED

JACK CRABB  
(equally furious)  
It was a mother and child, you  
fool!

GRIZZLED SERGEANT  
(beside himself, wild-  
eyed)  
Let go my reins!!!

Berserk with fury, the Grizzled Sergeant raises the saber to strike Jack. For a brief moment, Jack stares in shock, then suddenly drops the reins and ducks as the saber WHISTLES past his head. The Grizzled Sergeant draws back the saber to run him through, his face contorted with fury, and Jack turns his horse and runs.

182. EXT. CAMP - JACK - DAY

182.

Chased by the Grizzled Sergeant. The Sergeant has the saber raised high. Jack plunges his horse straight into a thicket of bushes, the horse rears and Jack is hurled into the river.

183. EXT. RIVER - CLOSE SHOT - JACK - DAY

183.

A BULLET suddenly hits the water beside him, sending up a geyser.

184. EXT. RIVER BANK - GRIZZLED SERGEANT - DAY

184.

FIRING a rifle.

185. EXT. RIVER - JACK - DAY

185.

Another BULLET lands very close in the water by his head. He ducks under, and the CAMERA pans to show Jack's head emerge beneath a bush on the opposite bank. Jack holds onto the bush like a half-drowned muskrat. His floppy mule-skinner hat is still on his head jammed tight over his ears. Another BULLET streaks through the water near him, sending up a geyser of spray into his eyes. He ducks again.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
It was downright discouragin'.  
If it wasn't Indins tryin' to  
kill me for a white, it was  
white tryin' to kill me for an  
Indin.

186. EXT. RIVER-BANK - DAY

186.

Jack's head as it emerges twenty feet downstream. Another BULLET cuts through the water near him. Jack desperately clambers up a muddy bank, pulling himself by bushes. Another BULLET lands in the mud beside him and Jack slips and falls on his face in the mud, then crawls on into dense undergrowth and is gone.

187. EXT. GULLY OF THE CREEK - JACK - DAY

187.

Drops into the mud. A very, very muddy Jack walks crouching up a tributary gully of the creek. He stops and cautiously peers over the bank of the gully toward the Cheyenne camp downstream.

188. EXT. GULLY OF THE CREEK - JACK'S POV - INDIAN CAMP - DAY

188.

The Pawnees SHOOTING their rifles into teepees.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

It made me sick. The Pawnees and soldiers both was killin' everything in sight.

189. EXT. MUDDY GULLY - JACK - DAY

189.

Suddenly whirls around, his eyes wide with shock. Absolutely motionless, he listens. We hear a strange animal-like sigh.

The CAMERA follows Jack as he walks in a crouching manner toward the small ravine. Very cautiously, he bends and picks up a thick section of broken limb about two feet long, takes off his hat and puts it on the end of the club-like limb. Then he slowly pushes the hat around the edge of the rocky wall of the ravine. Nothing -- then suddenly a large brown hand reaches out and grabs not the hat but the broken limb, and Jack is dragged forward.

190. EXT. SHADOW THAT COMES IN SIGHT AND JACK - DAY

190.

They stare for a brief frozen moment.

CONTINUED

190. CONTINUED

190.

JACK CRABB

Shadow!

Jack is violently yanked forward. Shadow That Comes In Sight wrenches the broken limb from Jack's hand, throws it aside and raises high a huge knife. Jack's face is smeared with mud in such a way it is apparent Shadow could not possibly recognize him.

JACK CRABB (CONT'D)

Brother, let's talk!

Shadow That Comes In Sight lunges forward. They fall to the ground and tumble over and over down an incline to the gully. Jack desperately struggles with the powerfully built Shadow. He manages to get hold of the knife, both hands gripping Shadow's huge wrist, but now Shadow gets his muscular legs around Jack's waist and squeezes with great power. Jack groans and his face becomes distorted. Shadow, with a sudden wrench, frees and lifts the knife. Jack winces and shuts his eyes.

191. EXT. TOP OF THE GULLY - GRIZZLED SERGEANT - DAY

191.

He FIRES his rifle.

192. EXT. GULLY - JACK AND SHADOW THAT COMES IN SIGHT  
- DAY

192.

Shadow's body slowly collapses across Jack. Jack's eyelids tremble and open and he looks in the direction of the Grizzled Sergeant.

193. EXT. GULLY - JACK'S P.O.V. - GRIZZLED SERGEANT - DAY

193.

GRIZZLED SERGEANT

You'll be took care of later.  
I'm savin' you for hangin'.

194. EXT. GULLY - JACK AND SHADOW'S BODY - DAY

194.

He looks with real grief at Shadow and bows his head.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

There's no describin' how I felt.  
An enemy had saved my life by the  
violent murder of one of my best  
friends. The world was too  
ridiculous even to bother to live  
in it.

Suddenly, Jack sits forward in alarm, listening hard.  
Another low sigh is heard. It is indeed strange and  
blood-curdling.

Jack moistens his lips, grips the pistol with one hand  
and with his other hand cautiously parts the bushes.

195. EXT. GULLY - JACK'S P.O.V. - A YOUNG INDIAN WOMAN - DAY

195.

Lying on the ground. A ragged Buffalo robe partly covers  
her very pregnant belly. She has a balled-up rag in her  
mouth and is biting it in an effort to be silent.  
Perspiration runs in streams and rivulets from her  
forehead, her face, her arms and legs. Her eyes are  
opened with terror. It is plain she is at the very point  
of giving birth and now a strong pain seizes her and her  
eyes shut tight and her teeth grind into the rag. Jack  
stares at her.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

That was why Shadow was there and  
that was why he'd fought so hard.

(Jack swallows,  
obviously moved)

I saw there and watched that baby  
come into this world, his eyes closed  
and his face kinda peevish about the  
whole thing.

(Jack gives a tiny  
flinch as we hear  
a kitten-like  
mewing sound)

He give a little holler even before  
he was all born --

CONTINUED

195. CONTINUED

195.

The Indian woman stares directly at Jack with tear-filled eyes.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
-- but except for the sound of her  
breathin' the woman never made a  
sound ... if woman she was: she  
didn't look more'n a girl.

Jack stares in fascination at the Indian girl.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
I couldn't take my eyes off that  
girl and her baby -- and I couldn't  
stand the thought of the soldiers  
killin' 'em, either, not for a second.

196. EXT. BUSHES - JACK - DAY

196.

Takes the revolver from his belt and crawls forward through the bushes into a tiny, hidden clearing just big enough for himself, the Indian girl and her baby. The Indian girl shrinks from him and holds the baby protectively in her arms.

JACK CRABB  
Now, listen to me. If you are  
related to Shadow, then you know  
of Little Big Man. I was a friend  
of the Human Beings until they  
stole my wife and son. I'm going  
to take you with me and trade you  
for them? Do you understand?

INDIAN GIRL  
Yes.

JACK CRABB  
Were you Shadow's wife?

INDIAN GIRL  
(very frightened)  
No.

JACK CRABB  
His daughter?

INDIAN GIRL  
Yes.

JACK CRABB  
Where's your husband?

CONTINUED



196. CONTINUED

196.

INDIAN GIRL  
(a pause, then  
softly)  
Killed.

JACK CRABB  
By the Pawnee?

INDIAN GIRL  
(a longer pause)  
No....  
(clutches the baby)  
....white men.

JACK CRABB  
(pauses, then  
gently)  
Don't be afraid of me, I won't  
hurt you. What's your name?

197. EXT. BUSHES - CLOSE SHOT - INDIAN GIRL AND BABY - DAY 197.

She is clutching the baby protectively to her breast. A smear of dark childbirth blood is on her cheek and forehead, leaves and bits of twig are in her hair and eyebrows. Her clothes are filthy, the bushes have scratched her and her baby is wrapped in a dirty rag. Now, affected by the gentleness of Jack's tone, her eyes well with tears.

INDIAN GIRL  
(sadly, as her  
lip trembles)  
Sunshine.

198. EXT. BUSHES - THREE SHOT - DAY

198.

Jack smiles at the incongruity of the name.

JACK CRABB  
(very gently)  
Don't be afraid. I won't hurt  
you or your baby.

Sunshine is not by any means convinced. Her eyes widen with fear as Jack smiles, pulls back the ragged cloth and looks down at the baby.

199. EXT. BUSHES - CU OF A TINY NEW-BORN BABY - DAY

199.

Clutched tight against two half-covered, brown and milk-swollen breasts. The baby's eyes are shut tight and he has a tiny fist in his mouth. Over this, the sound of horses.

200. EXT. - THREE SHOT - DAY

200.

Jack puts a protective arm across Sunshine and the baby as they both lie as flat as possible in the grass of the tiny clearing. The sound of tromping horsehooves becomes louder and louder, and suddenly stops. Jack and Sunshine are breathless with fear in utter silence. We hear a sudden loud neigh from a horse.

201. EXT. - THROUGH BUSHES AT GRIZZLED SERGEANT - DAY

201.

He appears to be looking straight at Jack and Sunshine. But the Sergeant does not see them. He turns his pony and he and four other soldiers ride on down the ravine. The sound of horsehooves recedes into the distance.

202. EXT. BUSHES - JACK AND SUNSHINE - DAY

202.

Jack heaves a sigh of relief, returning his pistol to his belt. Sunshine calmly sits up and wraps the ragged cloth more securely around the baby.

SUNSHINE

(in a wholly  
different tone)

I believe you. You are Little Big Man, and I will be your wife now to replace the one you lost.

(hands him the  
baby)

And this is your son.

Jack takes the baby, stares down at him and smiles.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I reckon it sounds crazy, but the idea struck me as one of the most reasonable I ever heard in my life.

Jack smiles at the baby and holds out his forefinger for the baby to grip.

203. EXT. BUSHES - CLOSEUP - TINY FINGERS - DAY

203.

Instinctively closing tight on Jack's finger.

204. EXT. BUSHES - CLOSEUP - JACK - DAY

204.

As he smiles with delight.

DISSOLVE:

205. EXT. - A GOOD-SIZED INDIAN CAMP AT SPRING CREEK - DAY . 205.

It is composed of a number of different bands. Jack walks through the camp with Sunshine and the Baby. He has gotten rid of his old cavalry jacket, but his clothes are still white and several Braves stare doubtfully at him. Jack And Sunshine walk up to a ragged teepee, upon which hangs the rawhide shield of Old Lodge Skins.

JACK CRABB

Wait here, woman.

Jack enters the teepee and Sunshine patiently stands waiting, the Baby in her arms.

206. INT. OLD LODGE SKINS' TEEPEE - OLD LODGE SKINS - DAY 206.

Sits on a buffalo robe. He has aged visibly since we last saw him and an ugly scar is on his neck. It is not apparent immediately that he is blind now, but his eyes stare sightlessly and calmly ahead.

JACK CRABB

Hello, Grandfather.

OLD LODGE SKINS

(as if he had last  
spoken to him the  
day before)

Greetings, my son. You want to eat?

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

(Jack sits down by  
the old man and is  
embraced)

Nothin' rattled Old Lodge Skins.  
He had the most equable temperament  
I ever knowed in a man.

An INDIAN WOMAN enters with food.

JACK CRABB

What happened to your neck,  
Grandfather?

OLD LODGE SKINS

It's a wound that cut the tunnel  
through which light travels to  
the heart.

JACK CRABB

(frown)

You mean... you're blind, Grandfather?

CONTINUED

206. CONTINUED

206.

OLD LODGE SKINS

Oh, no -- my eyes still see, but  
my heart no longer receives it.

JACK CRABB

(bows his head for  
a moment, heart-sick,  
then looks up)

How did it happen, Grandfather?

OLD LODGE SKINS

White men.

JACK CRABB

What became of Buffalo Wallow Woman?

OLD LODGE SKINS

Rubbed out. And White Elk Woman,  
too. And Dirt on the Nose and  
High Wolf and many others.

JACK CRABB

Burns Red in the Sun ... ?

OLD LODGE SKINS

Yes, rubbed out, and his wife and  
children, and many more.

JACK CRABB

Do you hate the white men now,  
Grandfather?

OLD LODGE SKINS

No, but now I understand them. I  
know they do not drive away the  
buffalo by mistake or rub out  
Human Beings because of a  
misunderstanding.

Old Lodge Skins turns and gropes among buffalo robes for  
his medicine bag, finds it and begins to search through  
it, his eyes staring off sightlessly. He pulls a  
ginger-haired scalp from the bag and holds it up before  
Jack.

OLD LODGE SKINS

(holding up scalp)

You see this fine thing? You admire  
the humanity of it. Because ...  
the Human Beings, my son, believe  
everything is alive.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

206. CONTINUED

206.

OLD LODGE SKINS (CONT'D)

Not only men and animals but also water and earth and stones and also the dead things from them like that hair. The man from whom this hair came is bald on the Other Side, because I now own his scalp. That is ... the way things are.

(Jack grunts gravely, and Old Lodge Skins leans forward and speaks with a deep and unqualified conviction)

But white men believe everything is dead. Stones, earth, animals and people, even their own people. If things try to live, white men will rub them out. That is the difference between white men and Human Beings.

Jack grunts in polite meditation.

OLD LODGE SKINS (CONT'D)

(half a statement, half a question)

You will stay with us, my son?

JACK CRABB

(a long pause)

I ... don't know, Grandfather.

DISSOLVE:

207. EXT. JACK'S TEEPEE IN A LARGE INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY

207.

The village is camped on the bank of the Washita River. Jack Crabb sitting in the entrance of a teepee and looking like an Indian. He wears dark paint to conceal his white skin and a helmet made of a buffalo skull. His Indian "son," now a year or so old, plays in the background with deer bones. Sunshine, who is again very pregnant, is busy tending the child and preparing a bowl of food. Jack looks quite content; his eyes are sleepily half-closed in the sunshine.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

A year later I was still with 'em.

208. EXT. JACK'S TEEPEE - CLOSE ON THE BABY - DAY

208.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

After wanderin' all over in constant  
danger of bein' killed by white  
settlers or white soldiers, we come  
to a place knowed as the Indin Nations.  
It was a tract of land in western  
Oklahoma that had been give --

(a little pause, a  
slight accent on this  
word)

... forever to the Indins by the  
Congress and the President of the  
United States.

(no obvious irony,  
but quietly)

We was safe there. This was Indin  
land ...

(again a little pause)

... as long as grass grow, and wind  
blow and the sky is blue.

209. EXT. JACK'S TEEPEE - SUNSHINE AND JACK - DAY

209.

Sunshine stops preparing food, moves aside the bowl,  
sits beside Jack and starts scraping a buffalo robe.

SUNSHINE

(feels of her  
swollen belly)

Your new son is kicking very hard  
today. I think he wants to come  
out and see his father.

JACK CRABB

Tell him to wait till I finish  
my dinner.

SUNSHINE

I'll tell him, but I don't think  
He'll wait much longer.

(speaks to baby,  
gravely)

Stay in there, don't come out till  
your father eats.

(a bit slyly)

It's a good thing I have a strong  
brave husband who brings in so much  
game and food.

CONTINUED

209. CONTINUED

209.

JACK CRABB  
(happily)  
Mmmm-hmmm ...

SUNSHINE  
My strong husband brings in much  
more than we need.

JACK CRABB  
(sleepily)  
Umm-mmm, be quiet, woman. I'm  
meditating.

SUNSHINE  
(silent for a moment,  
but obviously has  
something important  
to say)  
There are many Human Beings here,  
many bands from many places. But  
it's sad ... many husbands have  
been rubbed out by the white man.

JACK CRABB  
(with mild annoyance)  
The rattle of your tongue disturbs  
me, woman.

SUNSHINE  
It's sad because many women sleep  
alone and cry.

JACK CRABB  
(not really unkind,  
calm, and matter-  
of-fact)  
Be silent now, or I'll beat you.

SUNSHINE  
(pauses)  
Yes, but I think my sisters are here.

JACK CRABB  
(opens his eyes)  
Your what?

SUNSHINE  
(meekly)  
My sister: Digging Bear, Little  
Elk and C... Woman. I think they  
are here.

CONTINUED

209. CONTINUED

209.

JACK CRABB

What do you mean, you think they are here?!

SUNSHINE

(very meekly)

You bring much more food than we need.

(Jack stares in consternation and Sunshine bows her head, sniffing)

It is very sad. They have no husband, and they cry.

JACK CRABB

That's too bad! -- I'm sorry.

SUNSHINE

Digging Bear had a baby and lost it, and so did Corn Woman. Poor Little Elk never had any baby at all.

JACK CRABB

All right, what do you want me to do about it?

SUNSHINE

(smiles)

I knew you would understand.

210. EXT. JACK'S TEEPEE - SUNSHINE - DAY

210.

Rises, walks to the edge of the teepee and beckons. Jack stares, slightly aghast. Sunshine's sisters one by one come into view around the teepee. DIGGING BEAR is a tall and handsome girl of about twenty, LITTLE ELK is pretty and seems about sixteen, and CORN WOMAN is a plump and good-natured looking woman of about twenty-five. All gaze with meek and innocent hopefulness at Jack.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

It was Old Lodge Skins' dream trying to come true.

Jack stares in dawning horror, then suddenly turns on his heel and walks away.

211. EXT. JACK'S TEEPEE - CLOSER ANGLE - ALL THE SISTERS - DAY 211.

Weeping.

CONTINUED



## SUNSHINE

Oh, poor Little Elk, don't cry!  
And poor Digging Bear, poor Corn  
Woman!

Sunshine pats and comforts the weeping sisters.

212. EXT. - A DISTANCE FROM HIS TEEPEE - JACK CRABB - DAY 212.

He cautiously peers back over his shoulder.

## OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Them sisters would be there when I  
got back -- I didn't have no doubt  
about that. But I was determined to  
stay outa them buffalo robes.

(Jack wipes a trace  
of sweat from his  
forehead)

213. EXT. - TRACKING SHOT - JACK - DAY 213.

## OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Three young and healthy women, with  
no man for who knows how long ...  
the very idear kinda shrunk me like  
a spider on a hot stove.

Jack walks on rapidly past teepees through the camp of  
another band. Again, he glances back over his shoulder  
and shakes his head, but this time his expression has an  
unmistakable piousness, a touch of moral disapprobation.

## OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

And I reckon it seemed wrong to me,  
to -- or "immoral" as the Reverend  
Pendrake would say.

Jack walks on. He is leaving the camp of one band and  
approaching another.

## OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

But to the Cheyenne it was moral, not  
immoral. Under such conditions, it  
was my duty to be a husband to the  
widowed sisters of my wife. That's  
what made Sunshine so furious -- I  
was behaving immorally, and cowardly,  
too.

214. EXT. - ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP - JA - DAY 214.

Walks rapidly, his brow knitted in puzzlement.

215. EXT. - LITTLE HORSE - DAY

215.

He is dressed in a very fancy white deerskin suit and is staring at Jack.

LITTLE HORSE

Why, it's Little Big Man!

(embraces Jack  
enthusiastically)

I hope a prairie dog bites me on  
the toe if you aren't more  
handsome than ever.

Little Horse talks enthusiastically to Jack, petting him, admiring the buffalo helmet, etc.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

It was Little Horse. He'd become a  
real high-powered heemaneh.

Excited and happy to see Jack, Little Horse turns toward another Indian a few feet away washing clothes at a river bank.

LITTLE HORSE

Younger Bear, come here! It's Little  
Big Man!

216. EXT. RIVER-BANK - YOUNGER BEAR - DAY

216.

He turns and recognizes Jack, and winces in pain.

217. EXT. RIVER-BANK - CLOSE ON JACK AND LITTLE HORSE -  
DAY

217.

Little Horse leans over and speaks in an intimate fashion.

LITTLE HORSE

He's not a contrary any more, he has  
a wife. She's plump and works hard,  
but henpecks him terribly. Do you  
have a wife?

JACK CRABB

(a bit weary)

I sure do -- and I got trouble at  
home worse'n henpeckin'.

LITTLE HORSE

Oh, Little Big Man, you poor thing.  
Why don't you live with me and I'll  
be your wife?

JACK CRABB

Thanks, but I got enough wives already.

Walks toward Jack and Little Horse, carrying his wash.  
He stares in surly annoyance at Jack.

YOUNGER BEAR

Just when I think you're dead and  
the buzzards have eaten you, you  
come back.

JACK CRABB

Yes, and I always will, until you  
pay me the life you owe me.

YOUNGER BEAR

(flinches)

I have heard you.

(in deepest gloom)

Come to my teepee and eat.

Jack reluctantly goes along with Younger Bear, as Little  
Horse strolls with them.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I had to accept. Me and Younger Bear  
was caught in Cheyenne hospitality.

YOUNGER BEAR

I'm a very important man -- more  
important than you. I have a wife  
and four horses.

JACK CRABB

I have a horse ... and four wives.

YOUNGER BEAR

(a bit abashed)

Well, that may be ... but my wife is  
a very good one.

(points)

See? -- ther she is now.

Jack glances in the direction indicated by Younger Bear,  
and an emptiness comes into his eyes.

A plump, grimy-faced, yellow-haired "Indian" WIFE  
standing in the entrance. She is scowling. In one  
hand, she holds a dead duck.

CONTINUED

220. CONTINUED

220.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
It was Olga! I had found her at last.

OLGA  
(a real scold)  
So there you are, you crawling  
coyote! And what are we to eat --  
this starved duck? You good-for-  
nothing loafer, I'll teach you!  
(clouts Younger Bear  
with the duck; glances  
angrily at Jack, and  
obviously does not  
recognize him in his  
black paint and buffalo  
helmet)  
And who is this foolish beggar you  
have brought here to steal what little  
food we have? Tell him to do his  
buffalo dance somewhere else!  
(turns to Younger Bear)  
Do you hear?!  
(clouts him again)  
Clean this duck, you loafer!

221. EXT. - YOUNGER BEAR'S TEEPEE - OLGA - DAY

221.

The three men stare at her.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
Olga never did learn much English,  
but she sure'n hell had learnt  
Cheyenne.

YOUNGER BEAR  
I don't understand it. Usually  
this woman is gentle as a dove.

222. EXT. ENTRANCE OF TEEPEE - OLGA - DAY

222.

Reappears. Now she has her children with her, a baby  
of about one year in her arms and a little girl of about  
three whom she holds by the hand. The children are  
extremely attractive. Both have relatively light skin  
but dark hair. Olga's angry exasperation is gone and  
now she is amiable.

OLGA  
(to Jack)  
My words were not the words to  
speak to a stranger. You stay  
and eat.

Olga goes back into the teepee with the children.

223. EXT. - ANGLE AT YOUNGER BEAR - DAY

223.

YOUNGER BEAR  
(cheered up)  
You see what a good wife she is?  
It's because I'm a wonderful lover.  
Go in my teepee and she will cook  
the duck for you.

JACK CRABB  
(hesitates for a  
moment)  
That's all right, I'm not hungry.

Younger Bear flinches with embarrassment, shuts his eyes tight, throws back his head and howls like a wolf with shame. The half-plucked duck falls from his lap to the ground. He takes handful of dirt and throws it over his head and shoulders.

LITTLE HORSE  
(in a low voice,  
to Jack)  
You've humiliated him again.

JACK CRABB  
(nervously)  
Goodbye, Younger Bear!

224. EXT. - JACK AND LITTLE HORSE - DAY

224.

They move toward the fancy teepee of Little Horse.

JACK CRABB  
(thinking hard)  
Little Horse ... where did Younger  
Bear find his white wife?

LITTLE HORSE  
White? She's not white, she's a  
Human Being.

JACK CRABB  
I don't think so.

LITTLE HORSE  
I'm certain she is. She was captured  
by the white soldiers the time Young  
Bear was wounded.

JACK CRABB  
Captured by the white soldiers?

CONTINUED

224. CONTINUED

224.

LITTLE HORSE

Yes, but she escaped and then she walked many days in the middle of the night to get back to the Human Beings.

JACK CRABB

(thinking hard)

Maybe ... to get back to her children?

LITTLE HORSE

Oh, no, she had the children with her. She carried them through the snow. I saw her -- her feet were bleeding.

Jack stares off at nothing, lost in thought.

LITTLE HORSE (CONT'D)

You look tired, Little Big Man. Do you want to come into my teepee and rest on soft furs?

JACK CRABB

Thank you for inviting me.

LITTLE HORSE

(accepts his answer  
as a polite refusal)

Well, i've got to fix my hair to sing tonight. Goodbye, Little Big Man.

JACK CRABB

Goodbye, Little Horse.

Jack turns and walks away, lost in reflection. A pensive, but not wholly sad, expression is on his face.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

And so, I finally found Olga.

225. EXT. CENTRAL CORRAL - DAY

225.

Several hundred Indian ponies. Jack sees Old Lodge Skins seated on a blanket not far from the corral. His new wife is erected his teepee.

CONTINUED

225. CONTINUED

225.

JACK CRABB

Grandfather, why have you moved  
your teepee so far from the band?

OLD LODGE SKINS

The ponies are trying to tell me  
something.

JACK CRABB

(sits on blanket)

What's wrng, Grandfather?

OLD LODGE SKINS

This is a bad place. Bitter water  
and no game.

(a pony NEIGHS and Old  
Lodge Skins glances in  
that direction and  
frowns, then turns  
gloomily back to Jack)

It amuses me. The whites are always  
giving away land that didn't belong  
to them to begin with. This land  
really belongs to the Snake people,  
who I know are our friends now, but  
they copulate with horses and that  
makes them strange to me.

JACK CRABB

(a mild, ironic  
smile, then with  
tactful doubt)

Do they really do such a thing,  
Grandfather?

OLD LODGE SKINS

Of course, my son, everyone knows  
that. But the Snake women aren't  
bad -- they're fat and their skin  
is soft and they laugh a lot.  
Except of course you have to keep  
them away from horses.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

It's a little knowed face, but Indians  
had as funny ideas about other tribes  
as they did about white men.

226. EXT. THE CORRAL - DAY

226.

The Ponies are very restless. A pony NEIGHS loudly  
and another pony echoes the neigh.

227. EXT. OLD LODGE SKINS' TEEPEE - OLD LODGE SKINS AND JACK - DAY

227.

OLD LODGE SKINS

The ponies keep trying to tell me something. This is a very bad place. Last night I had a dream. The ponies were dying, I heard them scream.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I'd learnt to respect Old Lodge Skins' dreams, but for once we were in a safe place.

JACK CRABB

What could kill the ponies here?

OLD LODGE SKINS

I don't know.

(pulls blanket around his shoulders)

I will sleep here tonight and perhaps the ponies will tell me.

DISSOLVE:

228. EXT. JACK'S TEEPEE - EVENING

228.

Sunshine is cooking food in a pot. Little Elk is sweeping the "front yard" with a rough straw broom, Corn Woman is carrying a pail of water and Digging Bear is busily shaking dust from the buffalo robes. Jack strides in and speaks firmly to them.

JACK CRABB

Now, you will listen to me.

(gravely)

Every man has his belief about what is good and what is bad, and it comes from the Great Spirit.

(again clears his throat)

Ahhem. All right. Now. I believe it is a very bad thing for one man to have four wives. The Great Spirit tells me it is bad and the Great Spirit is never wrong.

229. EXT. JACK'S TEEPEE - SUNSHINE AND HER SISTERS - EVENING

229.

Sunshine steps forward; her expression sad and resigned. She speaks quietly to her sisters, whose heads are bowed.

CONTINUED



229. CONTINUED

229.

SUNSHINE

You must go. My husband doesn't like you.

JACK CRABB

You don't understand, Sunshine. The Great Spirit tells me it's wrong, but I like them fine.

SUNSHINE

(listlessly)

He likes you, but the Great Spirit tells him helpless widows must go in shame.

230. EXT. JACK'S TEEPEE - JACK CRABB - EVENING

230.

JACK CRABB

I didn't say they had to go at once. If that would shame them, they can stay --

(the sisters look up, hopefully)

-- but only for tonight, and I will sleep on a blanket out here.

Jack sits to eat his dinner. Sunshine serves him food with a bowed head and averted eyes. The sisters are in the background.

DISSOLVE:

231. EXT. JACK'S TEEPEE - JACK - NIGHT

231.

Sits by a campfire outside the teepee, a blanket draped over his shoulders. The SOUND of muted and muffled feminine weeping can be heard on the track. Glumly, Jack glances at the teepee. Sunshine comes from the teepee entrance. Tears are on her cheeks.

SUNSHINE

Haven't I been a good wife to you?

JACK CRABB

Yes.

SUNSHINE

Didn't I give you one beautiful son already, and don't I have another one for you in my belly right now?

JACK CRABB

(his answers have become progressively feebler)

Yes.

231. CONTINUED

231.

SUNSHINE

(sadly)

Then why do you hate my sisters?

JACK CRABB

(miserably)

Well ... I don't know ... The Great Spirit ...

Sunshine starts to walk off.

JACK CRABB (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

SUNSHINE

(simply)

Your son won't wait any longer.  
He wants to see his father.

232. EXT. AWAY FROM TEEPEE - NIGHT

232.

Sunshine walks off and Jack stares after her.

233. EXT. JACK'S TEEPEE - JACK - NIGHT

233.

Slowly, his head turns toward the entrance.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Sunshine, Indian style, was goin'  
off in the bushes to have her baby.  
As I watched her walk off ... it  
come over me that the Great Spirit  
wanted me to go in that teepee.

234. INT. JACK'S TEEPEE - NIGHT

234.

It is dark. Jack moving amongst a pile of buffalo robes.

JACK CRABB

All right, here I am. Who wants  
to be first?

A considerable coughing and throat-clearing is suddenly heard in the darkness.

JACK CRABB (CONT'D)

Don't just cough, speak up.  
(reaches out and feels of a  
dim robe-covered hump)  
Who's this here?

235. INT. JACK'S TEEPEE - CLOSE ON LITTLE ELK - NIGHT

235.

Barely visible.

LITTLE ELK

It's me.

JACK CRABB

Well, I reckon you'll do as well as any.

236. INT. JACK'S TEEPEE - WIDER ANGLE - NIGHT

236.

The hump of buffalo robe rises like a dim, vague bat-wing and naked arms embrace Jack firmly and the bat-wing settles over him.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I figured she was the littlest one and would be easy ... but Lord help us, them young girls is deadly.

DISSOLVE:

237. INT. JACK'S TEEPEE - IT IS DARK - NIGHT

237.

We can vaguely see Jack's face and part of his head. A bare arm is around his neck and perspiration shines on his forehead.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

However, the Great Spirit was with me, and I survived.

(Jack Crabb sighs sleepily)

Only thing was, just as I was about to drift off real peaceful, the coughin' in that teepee started up somethin' terrible.

Jack props up on an elbow in the dimness, and arms reach for him.

LITTLE ELK

No ... you wait.

JACK CRABB

Honey, I'm sorry. There's other demands on my services.

LITTLE ELK

(I viny to hold him)

No ... t yet ...

CONTINUED

237. CONTINUED

237.

JACK CRABB

(gently)

Maybe I can get back later.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Idle boastin', I assure you.

238. INT. WIDE ANGLE - JACK - NIGHT

238.

Dimly seen crawling amongst the lumps of buffalo robe. We perceive him reach out and feel a lump.

JACK CRABB

Who's this here?

DIGGING BEAR

(eagerly)

It's me, Digging Bear!

We see Jack again enveloped in a dim bat-wing of buffalo robe, as new naked arms reach for him and encircle him.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Well, she wasn't called Diggin' Bear for nothin', I can tell you that.

DISSOLVE:

239. INT. JACK'S TEEPEE - NIGHT

239.

We can dimly perceive Jack lying limp on his back, glazed eyes more or less focused on the slanting poles of the teepee ceiling. Considerable perspiration shines on his forehead and a dark head is on his shoulder. The head snuggles with lazy joyous sensuality and lips move at Jack's ear.

DIGGING BEAR

Stay here. Corn Woman is too tired.

CORN WOMAN'S VOICE

Ahhemm, AHHEM!

JACK CRABB

She don't sound tired to me.

DIGGING BEAR

(slyly)

That's not her, that Little Elk.

CONTINUED

239. CONTINUED

239.

We hear coughing from two sources.

JACK CRABB  
That's both of 'em.  
(speaks into the darkness)  
Little Elk, go on to sleep --  
(to Digging Bear)  
-- and you, too.

Digging Bear sighs and reluctantly releases Jack. He crawls dimly among the buffalo robes.

JACK CRABB (CONT'D)  
(with an extra solemnity)  
Where are you, Corn Woman?

The largest bat-wing of them all rises in the air like a shadow before Jack's dim form.

CORN WOMAN  
Ahhemmm ... I'm right here.

The Bat-wing gently subsides over Jack in the Darkness.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
(in a tone of pensive  
reminiscence)  
I reckon Corn Woman was the least  
good-lookin' of all Sunshine's sisters.  
She wasn't pretty like Little Elk or a  
real handsome girl like Diggin' Bear --  
but that just goes to show you can't  
never judge a woman by looks.

SLOW FADE OUT:

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
I was lucky I come acrost her last.

FADE IN:

240. INT. JACK'S TEEPEE - DAY

240.

The sleeping lumps of Little Elk and Digging Bear can be seen in the background behind Jack who is snugly enclosed with Corn Woman. Jack sleepily turns his head as a shadow appears in the entrance of the teepee.

241. INT. JACK'S TEEPEE - SUNSHINE - AY

241.

She has a blanket wrapped around her. Bits of twig are in her hair and perspiration has left streams through the dirt on her face.

CONTINUED

241. CONTINUED

241.

This shot does not reveal that she is carrying a bundle under her blanket. A shy but exalted smile is on her face. She walks on into the teepee and sits beside Jack, then reaches out and gently smooths her sleeping sister's hair. Sunshine lifts her eyes to Jack. They are welling with tears.

SUNSHINE

(softly)

The others, too?

JACK CRABB

Yes.

SUNSHINE

(happy and proud)

I knew you were a good man.

(opens the blanket and holds out a small bundle to Jack)

Here is your new son.

242. INT. JACK'S TEEPEE - JACK AND SUNSHINE - DAY

242.

As Jack takes the bundle and stares down at it in silence.

243. EXT. JACK'S TEEPEE - JACK - DAY

243.

Walks out of the teepee with the bundle into a very hazy dawn; Sunshine follows.

JACK CRABB

His eyes are already open.

SUNSHINE

How else can he see his father?

JACK CRABB

(swallows; obviously moved)

He's a beautiful son ...

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

It was the best night of my life.  
I reckon I come pretty close to  
turnin' pure Indian and I prob'ly  
would of spent the rest of my d--s  
with Sunshine and her sisters .

(a distant neigh of a  
horse is heard, and Jack  
glances up)

But sometimes ... grass don't grow,  
wind don't blow and the sky ain't  
blue.

244. EXT. WASHITA CAMP - THE INDIAN PONIES - DAY

244.

NEIGHING loudly and milling in nervous fear in the rough corral. In the background we see the encampment along the river, the teepees ghost-like among drafts of early morning fog. A few bewildered, half-dressed men, women and children emerge from the teepees and stand looking around in puzzlement.

245. EXT. BACK AT JACK'S TEEPEE - DAY

245.

JACK CRABB

Something's wrong with the ponies.  
Wolves?

(more NEIGHING; a look of sudden alarm comes on Jack's face)

My grandfather is down there!  
Stay here, do you understand?!  
Don't leave the teepee!

246. EXT. OLD LODGE SKINS' TEEPEE - OLD LODGE SKINS - DAY

246.

Sitting in the entrance of his teepee near corral. The NEIGHING of the ponies is very loud.

247. EXT. TRAVELING SHOT - JACK - DAY

247.

Runs through the camp to OLD LODGE SKINS.

JACK CRABB

(panting for breath)  
Grandfather -- what's wrong with the ponies?

OLD LODGE SKINS

(sightless eyes gazing ahead)

Don't you hear it, my son?

At first, nothing can be heard except the frightened neighing of the ponies. But then ... slowly, eerily, a strange noise becomes audible. It is the grotesque SOUND of a brass band -- trumpets, flutes and drums. The tune is "Garry Owen", and the effect is hallucinatory, gruesome, eerie. An expression of unbelieving horror is on Jack's face as he stands there, paralyzed. And then, the merrily grotesque martial lilt of the brass band is suddenly drowned by a spine-chilling ROAR. Jack's eyes open wide as he sees something through the fog.

248. EXT. INDIAN CAMP - CHARGE - FOGGY DAY

248.

CUSTER, in a resplendent uniform, is on a huge white horse at the head of the line, saber raised. He lowers the saber in a signal to fire and all hell breaks loose.

249. EXT. OLD LODGE SKINS' TEEPEE - JACK AND OLD LODGE SKINS - FOGGY DAY

249.

JACK CRABB

Grandfather, get inside! The white soldiers are attacking us!

OLD LODGE SKINS

(calmly)

I know, and that puzzles me. I wonder why I didn't see them in my dream.

JACK CRABB

(desperately)

Grandfather, please!

OLD LODGE SKINS

Why bother, my son? It's a good day to die.

Jack manages to get the reluctant old man half to his feet.

250. EXT. OLD LODGE SKINS' TEEPEE - A MOUNTED CAVALRYMAN - 250. FOGGY DAY

Raises his pistol, takes deliberate aim at Jack and pulls the trigger. The pistol misfires with a click. Jack jumps up, grabs the barrel of the pistol and pulls the soldier from his horse. Old Lodge Skins calmly sits back down as Jack and the GRIZZLED CAVALRYMAN tumble and roll on the ground nearby. Struggling desperately, Jack manages to tear the pistol away from the Grizzled Cavalryman and hits him over the head with it, knocking him senseless. At this moment, a SECOND CAVALRYMAN FIRES his rifle at Jack and misses. Other cavalrymen ride forward and Jack breaks free and half-runs and half-crawls beneath the bellies of the horses and around to the rear of Old Lodge Skins' teepee.

251. EXT. ENTRANCE OF OLD LODGE SKINS' TEEPEE - OLD LODGE SKINS - FOGGY DAY 251.

Squatting just outside the entrance, staring sightlessly and calmly ahead while the horses of the cavalrymen rear and mill in confusion. The soldiers ignore the old man.

252. INT. OLD LODGE SKINS' TEEPEE - JACK - DAY

252.

Jack -- evidently he has lifted the buffalo skins and crawled into it from the rear. Now he reaches out and grabs Old Lodge Skins and drags him back into the teepee.

CONTINUED



252. CONTINUED

252.

JACK CRABB

We've got to get to the river,  
somehow!

OLD LODGE SKINS

(with serene calm)

Sit down beside me, my son, and  
we will smoke.

He starts to fix a pipe.

JACK CRABB

Grandfather, have you lost your  
wits? We've got to get to the river  
bank before they turn back!

OLD LODGE SKINS

I am blind and cannot fight. But  
I won't run. If it is my day to  
die, I want to do it here within  
a circle.

Jack stares in a quandary as Old Lodge Skins serenely  
lights his pipe and takes a meditative puff. In  
desperation, thinking hard, Jack leans toward him.

JACK CRABB

Grandfather -- the river is part  
of the great circle of the waters  
of the earth!

OLD LODGE SKINS

That's true. But the soldiers would  
kill us before we could get to the  
river.

JACK CRABB

Grandfather, you didn't see the  
soldiers in your dream -- and that  
means they can't see you now!

OLD LODGE SKINS

(interested)

Do you think so?

JACK CRABB

Yes! What else could your dream  
mean, Grandfather?

OLD LODGE SKINS

(nods thoughtfully)

My son, I think you're right.

CONTINUED

252. CONTINUED

252.

JACK CRABB

Then let's go to the great  
circle of the river!

OLD LODGE SKINS

(smiles)

Invisible. I've never been  
invisible before.

JACK CRABB

Let's go, Grandfather!

OLD LODGE SKINS

All right. But first I'll get  
my medicine.

Jack Crabb stares in an agony of exasperated impatience  
as the old man calmly proceeds to fumble around on the  
floor of the teepee for various items of medicine --  
coyote skulls, bear claws, scalps, etc.

JACK CRABB

Grandfather, please hurry!

OLD LODGE SKINS

There's no hurry, my son. Now ...  
where is my wolf-tooth necklace?  
It was here last night.

Jack crawls around, desperately looking for the wolf-tooth  
necklace.

JACK CRABB

I can't find it! We've got to leave!

OLD LODGE SKINS

I won't go without my wolf-tooth  
necklace. The white soldiers can  
kill me, but they can't have my  
property.

(finds necklace)

Ahh! Here it is.

JACK CRABB

(staring out of the teepee  
entrance, sags wanly)

It's too late -- the soldiers are  
back. We're cut off.

OLD LODGE SKINS

That doesn't matter, we're invisible.

CONTINUED

252. CONTINUED

252.

Before Jack can stop him, Old Lodge Skins smiles and walks from the teepee, medicine bag draped over his shoulder.

JACK CRABB  
(horrified)  
Grandfather, wait!

253. EXT. OLD LODGE SKINS' TEEPEE - JACK - FOGGY DAY

253.

Hurries after Old Lodge Skins and grabs him by the arm. Too late -- they are well outside of the teepee and white cavalymen are all around them. The soldiers pay no attention to them. Old Lodge Skins smiles in the direction of the snorting horses and walks on, as Jack in a paralyzed daze walks beside him. The soldiers all seem busy elsewhere. One mounted cavalryman glances idly at them, frowns slightly and rubs his jaw, as if he cannot quite understand it. His horse snorts and Old Lodge Skins smiles amiably in his direction. Jack, head bowed and shoulders shrunk, walks on with the old man.

254. EXT. TRAVELING SHOT - OLD LODGE SKINS AND JACK - FOGGY DAY

254.

Walk among the Cavalry.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
I know it's ridiculous, but them soldiers never lifted a hand to stop us. I reckon it was so crazy they couldn't figure it out. Or maybe they thought we was prisoners, or even friendlies since Old Lodge Skins was grinnin' at 'em like a coon ...

They walk calmly into willow bushes along the river bank. White cavalymen ride here and there in the background --. A look of petrified amazement is on Jack's face, but Old Lodge Skins continues to smile, obviously delighted with his medicine.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Or maybe we really was invisible.  
All I know is we walked right through 'em to the river.

255. EXT. RIVERBANK - JACK AND OLD LODGE SKINS - FOGGY DAY

255.

They take cover in dense willow bushes along the riverbank. They are hip-deep into the water.

CONTINUED

255. CONTINUED

255.

OLD LODGE SKINS

That was extremely enjoyable.

JACK CRABB

(heaves a profound sigh)  
I'm glad you liked it, Grandfather.

SOUND of approaching horses hooves. Jack grabs Old Lodge Skins by the arm and pulls him down, then peers anxiously through the bushes.

256. EXT. RIVERBANK - JACK'S P.O.V. - FOGGY DAY

256.

Custer, a CAPTAIN and a YOUNG LIEUTENANT mounted on huge horses. The horses bend their heads to the water and drink. Custer and the OFFICERS now half-face the CAMERA, about thirty feet away from the willow bushes that conceal Jack and Old Lodge Skins.

CUSTER

Captain -- do we have the Indian ponies secure?

HANDSOME CAPTAIN

Yes, sir, we have them all.

CUSTER

(utterly calm, almost casual)  
Shoot them.

HANDSOME CAPTAIN

(startled)  
I beg your pardon, sir?

CUSTER

That is my decision, Captain.  
I shall shoot the ponies.

HANDSOME CAPTAIN

But sir!

CUSTER

Go and do it.

HANDSOME CAPTAIN

(stares coldly at Custer, then salutes)  
Yes, sir!

Custer stares out across the river, ignoring the Captain as he rides off. The Young Lieutenant seems even more horrified than the Captain. He stares in shock at Custer.

257. EXT. RIVERBANK - C.U. JACK - FOGGY DAY

257.

As he stares with narrowed eyes through the bushes at Custer. Jack's illusions about Custer are gone.

258. EXT. RIVERBANK - CUSTER AND YOUNG LIEUTENANT - FOGGY DAY 258.

CUSTER

Ponies are essential to these primitive people, Lieutenant. Without ponies, they starve.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

(a long pause, then drops his eyes)

Yes, sir.

CUSTER

(now glances at the Lieutenant with a faint smile)

Does my decision strike you as needlessly cruel, Lieutenant?

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

(very uncomfortable under Custer's gaze)

Well, I ... it's not for me to say, sir.

CUSTER

I assure you the decision is essential. The American Plains Indian is too stubborn to be civilized.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

(meekly)

Yes, sir.

CUSTER

(frowns)

Young man, your self-righteous piety is commencing to annoy me.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

(bewildered)

I ... I didn't say anything, sir.

CUSTER

(with cold indignation)

You think it's shocking to shoot a few ponies? Well, let me tell you that the women are far more important than the ponies. The point is they breed like rats.

259. EXT. RIVERBANK - JACK - FOGGY DAY

259.

Watches with a stricken look.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT'S VOICE

Sir, I ... I'm sorry ...

260. EXT. RIVERBANK - CUSTER AND YOUNG LIEUTENANT - FOGGY DAY 260.

There is something decidedly, if faintly, paranoid about his insistence on finding opposition where there is none.

CUSTER

However, this is a legal action, Lieutenant. The men are under strict orders not to shoot the women.  
(with equanimity)

...Unless, of course, they refuse to surrender.

261. EXT. RIVERBANK - JACK AND OLD LODGE SKINS - FOGGY DAY 261.

Jack reacts in horror.

JACK CRABB

(a whisper, to himself)

Sunshine ...

262. EXT. RIVERBANK - CUSTER AND YOUNG LIEUTENANT - FOGGY DAY 262.

CUSTER

(firmly)

History will confirm that the larger moral right is ours. The misfortune of these primitive people, although deplorable, is a small thing compared to the growth of a great Christian nation.

(fixes the Young Lieutenant with a steely, dominating gaze)

Isn't ... that ... correct??

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

(very feebly)

Yes, sir.

Custer turns his horse and rides off, followed by the Young Lieutenant. At this moment, a solitary shot RINGS OUT and a horse SCREAMS. Then, another SHOT, and another -- and more SCREAMS, until the track is filled with the SOUND of continuous shots and a horrifying blend of screaming horses.

263. EXT. RIVERBANK - JACK AND OLD LODGE SKINS - FOGGY DAY 263.
- JACK CRABB  
The man is crazy, Grandfather.  
(a panicky look comes in his eyes)  
We've got to get down the river! --  
Sunshine and her sisters are alone  
in the teepee!  
(with even greater horror)  
And my new son ... both my sons ...  
(looks around in desperation,  
sees a floating log and grabs it)  
Hold onto this, Grandfather!
264. EXT. RIVERBANK - JACK AND OLD LODGE SKINS - FOGGY DAY 264.
- The old man holds onto the log. They float off down the river, Jack swimming and pushing at the log as Old Lodge Skins hangs on.
265. EXT. INDIAN CAMP - FOGGY DAY 265.
- A nightmare scene of destruction -- burning teepees, dead Indian bodies on the ground. In the background we see the log float by on the river. The heads of Jack and Old Lodge Skins are apparently on the other side of the log, not visible.
266. EXT. JACK AND OLD LODGE SKINS IN THE RIVER - FOGGY DAY 266.
- They are approaching a very small brush-grown sandbar in the middle of the river, only a few feet wide. Jack grabs out at bushes, stopping the log. The tiny island is directly across the slope upon which Jack's teepee is erected.
267. EXT. SANDBAR - C.U. JACK - FOGGY DAY 267.
- As he peers empty-eyed with horror and helplessness through the bushes at his teepee.
268. EXT. SANDBAR - JACK'S P.O.V. - FOGGY DAY 268.
- Little Elk lies dead on the ground twenty feet from the teepee. Corn Woman lies dead beside her. The side flap of the teepee opens and Digging Bear crawls out and runs, her hair burning. A soldier raises his rifle and FIRES at her and she falls.
269. EXT. SANDBAR - JACK AND OLD LODGE SKINS - FOGGY DAY 269.
- JACK CRABB  
They're killing them, Grandfather.  
But I don't see Sunshine ...

270. EXT. SANDBAR - JACK'S P.O.V. - FOGGY DAY

270.

Jack's teepee, now burning high. Sunshine emerges from the other side at a spot not so visible to the soldiers. She has a bundle in her arms and her older baby in a sling on her back. Swiftly, she runs around the soldiers toward the river. For a moment the soldiers do not see her. A grizzle-faced SERGEANT stoops and takes a bracelet from Little Elk's wrist. Sunshine runs past him on toward the river.

271. EXT. SANDBAR - C.U. JACK - FOGGY DAY

271.

JACK CRABB  
(an agonized whisper)  
Run, Sunshine, run!

272. EXT. JACK'S P.O.V. - FOGGY DAY

272.

To Sunshine as she runs. She is much closer to the river -- but now a sudden dizzyish pan of the CAMERA back to the Grizzled Sergeant. He has seen Sunshine. He raises his rifle. Cut to Sunshine as she reaches the sand and runs on into shallow water. Cut to Grizzled Sergeant as he carefully aims, and FIRES. Cut to Sunshine as she stumbles to her knees in the water, then rises and struggles on toward deeper water. Back to the Sergeant who FIRES AGAIN, and cut to Sunshine as she is hit and falls head first into deeper water. The Grizzled Sergeant FIRES AGAIN, and AGAIN, and AGAIN. Then, satisfied, he lowers the rifle, turns his back and begins to reload.

273. EXT. SANDBAR - JACK AND OLD LODGE SKINS - FOGGY DAY

273.

Jack stares emptily.

JACK CRABB  
(with an unnatural calm)  
They killed them, Grandfather.  
They killed them all.

Jack shuts his eyes, leaning forward, his forehead and the side of his face in the mud.

OLD LODGE SKINS  
It's very sad, my son. I will  
mourn them with you.

274. EXT. RIVER - LONG SHOT - FOGGY DAY

274.

A log floating off down the river. We see a glimpse of two heads on the far side of the log. The shot makes clear that Jack and Old Lodge Skins have gotten safely away down river from the scene of the massacre.

DISSOLVE:

275. EXT. RIVERBANK - A SOLDIER - LATE AFTERNOON

275.

Squatting alone on the riverbank in the process of filling a pail of water. Jack suddenly looms INTO the SHOT and hurls himself toward the soldier.



275. CONTINUED

275.

Jack knocks the soldier senseless with the willow club. Jack quickly takes off the soldier's uniform and puts it on himself. Traces of Indian paint are still on his face. He rubs at the paint with a bandana taken from the soldier, puts the soldier's cap on his head.

276. EXT. CUSTER'S CAMP - TRAVELING SHOT - JACK - LATE AFTERNOON

276.

Walking along through rows of pup-tents past numerous white cavalymen, cap down over his face. Jack approaches a large tent, in which Custer himself sits on a small stool, pen in hand, as he writes a report. A large, skeptical-eyed Captain steps in front of Jack.

SKEPTICAL CAPTAIN

Where are you going, Soldier?

JACK CRABB

(head bowed to hide his face)

I have a message for the Gen'ral.

Jack tries to walk on by, but the Skeptical Captain reaches out and takes him by the arm.

SKEPTICAL CAPTAIN

Wait a minute.

(lifts up Jack's cap)

What's that on your face?

277. EXT. CUSTER'S CAMP - GROUP SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON

277.

Several nearby soldiers walk up and stand close to Jack, hostile eyes on him. It is impossible for Jack to get any closer to Custer.

JACK CRABB

Mud, sir.

SKEPTICAL CAPTAIN

That isn't mud, that's Indian paint.

(reaches out and pulls the knife from Jack's belt and looks at it)

And this is an Indian knife. What's your company?

The soldiers seize Jack.

278. EXT. CUSTER'S CAMP - LATE AFTERNOON

278.

Custer leaves his tent.

JACK CRABB

My comp'ny?

279. EXT. - CUSTER'S CAMP - GROUP SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON

279.

SKEPTICAL CAPTAIN

Yes, your company, and the name  
of your commanding officer.

CUSTER

What's the trouble, Captain?

SKEPTICAL CAPTAIN.

I think we have a renegade here,  
General. He's wearing Indian paint  
and he doesn't know his company or  
his commanding officer.

CUSTER

(bored)

Take him out and hang him.

He turns to go.

JACK CRABB

Gen'ral, don't you remember me?  
I'm Jack Crabb, the mule-skinner!

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I was determined to stay alive  
long enough to kill him.

CUSTER

(glances back with a frown)

Mule-skinner?

JACK CRABB

(with earnest sincerity)

Yes, sir! -- I applied for a job  
as scout, but you could tell my  
true occupation just by lookin'  
at me.

CUSTER

(as he recognizes JACK)

I believe I do remember that.

(frowns)

How did you become a renegade?

JACK CRABB

Gen'ral, I ain't a renegade! I was  
captured by the Cheyenne and held  
prisoner! They stuck cactus thorns  
in me for three days and I laughed  
and begged 'em to keep doin' it!

CUSTER

(frowns)

You laughed?

279. CONTINUED

279.

JACK CRABB

I laughed my head off. Otherwise  
I wouldn't be here.

CUSTER

That is plausible.

(a long pause, then solemnly)  
Gentlemen, it is difficult to admit  
to an error. I am thankful I  
directed my attention to this matter,  
because --

(it is not an apology for himself  
-- he directs a steely gaze upon  
the Captain)

-- Captain, your summary judgment  
was wholly mistaken. This man  
is obviously telling the truth and  
is obviously innocent. Now, aren't  
you glad that I saw fit to question  
him more closely?

SKEPTICAL CAPTAIN

Yes, sir.

CUSTER

Captain, please be more careful in  
the future.

As Custer stares with weary reproach at the chastened  
Skeptical Captain.

DISSOLVE:

280. EXT. - CUSTER'S CAMP - JACK - NIGHT

280.

Now dressed in hand-me-down civilian clothes. He edges  
away from a campfire. In a "casual" manner, Jack walks  
around the supply tent, and we see him look back, alert,  
eyes narrowed with purpose. His knife has been returned  
to him and this is stuck in his belt. He walks through  
the mud to the rear of the tents.

281. EXT. - CUSTER'S TENT - JACK - NIGHT

281.

Walks up to a SENTRY who stands guard thirty feet or  
so from the side of Custer's tent.

JACK CRABB

The General's tea.

The Sentry nods and Jack walks on. Jack strolls around  
the corner of Custer's large tent, beyond sight of the  
Sentry. Now he pauses, as he stares ahead.

282. EXT. - CUSTER'S TENT - JACK'S P.O.V. - CUSTER - NIGHT 282.

He is seated on a large log outside his tent before a burning fire. He is naked from the waist up and is absorbed in writing a letter. Briefly, he pauses and twists his shoulders and reaches a hand around his side and rubs at his back, as if it aches.

283. EXT. - CUSTER'S TENT - JACK - NIGHT

283.

In the shadows, stares intently at CUSTER. His hand slowly moves to the knife at his belt and closes on the handle.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

There the man was, at my mercy.  
Just a little closer, and nothin'  
could save him.

Jack's teeth are gritted, his eyes narrowed with murderous intent. Silently, he walks forward, the cup of tea in his hand and the knife behind him. The CAMERA follows him as he walks silently up to Custer. Jack stands directly behind Custer, a look of murderous triumph on his face.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I had him.

Slowly, Jack raises the knife.

284. EXT. - CUSTER'S TENT - C.U. CUSTER'S BACK - NIGHT

284.

It is painfully naked, painfully vulnerable, very, very bare and very, very helpless. The shot holds ... on, and on, and on, but nothing happens, no knife is plunged into that bare pink back.

285. EXT. - CUSTER'S TENT - E.C.U. JACK - NIGHT

285.

The knife is raised high but the look of murder is gone -- an expression of sick, paralyzed horror is on Jack's face as he stares down at Custer's back.

CUSTER

(holds out a careless hand,  
without turning around)

I'll take the tea now, Corporal.

JACK CRABB

(in a low tone)

Yes, sir.

286. EXT. - CUSTER'S TENT - TWO SHOT - JACK AND CUSTER - NIGHT

286.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I couldn't do it.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 No man ever had more reason to kill;  
 but I couldn't make myself drive a  
 knife into that helpless back.

Jack lowers the knife and puts it behind his back as he hands the cup of tea to Custer. Custer half-glances around to take the tea, but he is absorbed in his letter and does not seem to notice Jack. Custer drops the lumps of sugar into his tea and stirs it, an expression of aloof, bored superiority on his face.

287. EXT. - CUSTER'S TENT - C.U. CUSTER - NIGHT

287.

He stirs the tea. He glances casually over his shoulder -- and instantly freezes. Eyelids hooded, he stares at Jack in the flickering light of the campfire.

CUSTER  
 (very softly)  
 What are you doing up here,  
 mule-skinner?

JACK CRABB  
 Nothin' ... I ... I brought you your  
 tea, Gen'ral.

288. EXT. - CUSTER'S TENT - TWO SHOT - CUSTER AND JACK  
 NIGHT

288.

The two men stare at each other like statues in the flickering orange light of the campfire. Custer's eyes bore into Jack like cold steel gimlets.

JACK CRABB  
 And I ... ah, wanted to thank you  
 again for sparing my life.

Custer puts down the cup of tea, turns to face Jack directly.

CUSTER  
 (eyes relentlessly fixed on  
 Jack; still, very softly)  
 Why are you standing to the side?  
 Turn this way.

Jack has no choice. Slowly, he turns, and Custer's eyes drop to the Indian knife stuck in Jack's belt.

CUSTER (CONT'D)  
 You came up here to kill me, didn't  
 you?  
 (a thin smile)  
 And you lost your nerve.  
 (MORE)

CONTINUED

288. CONTINUED

288.

CUSTER (CONT'D)  
(folds his arms with a  
contemptuous superiority,  
enjoying himself)  
Well, I was correct in a sense.  
You're a renegade, but you're no  
Cheyenne Brave.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
Custer was right. I was a total  
failure as an Indian.

CUSTER  
Do I hang you?  
(reflects a moment longer,  
then coldly)  
I think not. Get out of here.

Jack stares in utter amazement, his mouth open.

JACK CRABB  
(amazed and almost indignant)  
You're not going to hang me?

Custer sits back down and picks up his letter and the cup  
of tea as calmly serene as if nothing has happened.

CUSTER  
It would embarrass my command.  
Your miserable life is not worth a  
reversal of a Custer decision.

Jack stares emptily as Custer takes a sip of tea.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
That was the worst thing he could of  
done to me. There wasn't nothin'  
left of my self-respect at all.

Head bowed as if he has been struck, Jack turns and  
walks off.

DISSOLVE

289. EXT. - RAIN - STREET OF FRONTIER TOWN - DAY

289.

It is bustling with activity. There is a great commerce  
in buffalo skins. Wagonloads are moving through the  
town. New-rich dealers are trading furiously. Umbrellas  
protect their unusually new clothes. Buffalo hunters  
in buckskin are visible as well as the filthy skimmers.  
In contrast, various Indian "friendlies" in white man's  
clothes, half-drunk, stagger about or sit in the rain.  
The drunkest of the lot is Jack. His clothes are cheap  
and worn.

We see him without success beg money from a merchant. A blow from one of the skimmers sends him into the mud. He tries to convert his embarrassment into a comic incident and prances like a pony in the filth. There is general laughter but no money.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
I couldn't go back to the Indians,  
so I went back to the white world ...  
and became a drunk.

290. EXT. - RAIN - DOORWAY OF A SALOON - WILD BILL  
HICKOCK - DAY

290.

Staring at Jack, depressed by what he sees.

291. EXT. - RAIN - STREET - JACK - DAY

291.

Threads his way to the sidewalk and sits. The rain from the overhang drenching him. Wild Bill Hickock appears.

292. EXT. - RAIN - SIDEWALK - DAY

292.

WILD BILL HICKOCK  
(with mild, wry irony)  
You're a sad sight, Hoss. You  
should have stuck to sodey pop.

JACK CRABB  
(moistens dry lips; he is  
really in dismal shape)  
How are things with you, Bill?

WILD BILL HICKOCK  
Fine. I've changed my ways, Hoss.  
I have a young, beautiful wife.

JACK CRABB  
That's good.  
(he sits on the wooden  
sidewalk, shaking)  
Bill ... I need a drink worse  
than the breath of life itself.

WILD BILL HICKOCK  
It just doesn't set well with me to  
see an old friend drink himself to death.

JACK CRABB  
(moistens his lips and  
painfully swallows)  
Bill ... I need a drink ... I need  
it ba-ad, Bill.

292. CONTINUED

292.

WILD BILL HICKOK  
(tosses a gold coin  
upon Jack's stomach)  
Okay, here's twenty dollars Get  
gloriously drunk --

Jack stares up in amazement.

WILD BILL HICKOK  
But first, go across the street  
to the barber and have a bath,  
then buy yourself some clothes  
and come see me at the saloon.

JACK CRABB  
Sure, Bill, sure ...

WILD BILL HICKOK  
(turns to go, then  
looks back)  
I do know one thing, Hoss. Any  
damn fool can drink himself to  
death.

Wild Bill turns and walks away, as Jack stares after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

293. EXT. TOWN STREET - DRY GOODS STORE - JACK - DAY 293.

Emerges. He looks greatly improved; he has had a  
bath, a shave and a haircut and he wears modest but  
neat new clothes. The rain has stopped but the  
puddles are still evident.

294. INT. SALOON - JACK - DAY 294.

Enters.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
Wild Bill was right, of course, and  
I decided to try my best to get  
loose from John Barleycorn.

He glances at the bar but resists temptation and walks  
on into the backroom.

295. INT. BACKROOM OF SALOON - DAY 295.

Wild Bill Hickok and four or five men playing poker.  
Jack enters. Wild Bill rises from his chair and  
takes Jack off to one side so they can talk in private.



WILD BILL HICKOK  
(in a quiet, confidential  
tone)

Hoss, I want you to do me a  
confidential favor. It's a delicate  
matter involving a widow. She needs  
a train ticket out of town. Give  
her this.

Wild Bill hands Jack a leather purse of gold coins.

JACK CRABB  
Sure, Bill.

WILD BILL HICKOK  
(glances around and  
quietly)  
My new, beautiful wife is violently  
jealous. And me and the widow ...  
well, she's quite a widow.

JACK CRABB  
I think I understand what you mean,  
Bill.

WILD BILL HICKOK  
(leans toward him and  
in a very confidential tone)  
Hoss, she's a great little widow --  
so much so I don't want the temptation  
of seeing her again. Her name is  
Lulu Kane; you'll find her in the  
big yellow house next to the church.

JACK CRABB  
I'll take this to her right now,  
Bill.

WILD BILL HICKOK  
Good.

Wild Bill Hickok returns to his place at the poker  
table and Jack walks out of the backroom. We see a  
pimpily-faced BOY.

Jack walks through the front main room of the saloon.  
He glances toward the bar and his walk slows as temptation  
comes upon him. Jack stops, moistens his lips, then  
sighs and begins to walk on. At this moment a shot RINGS  
C, followed almost immediately by a SCREAM and the  
SOUND of a table upturning.

298. INT. SALOON - JACK - DAY

298.

He turns and runs to the backroom.

299. INT. SALOON - JACK'S P.O.V. - BACKROOM - DAY

299.

Two men struggle to take a pistol from a pimply-faced, gawky, buck-toothed boy.

PIMPLY-FACED BOY

(hysterically)

He kilt my Daddy!! But he ain't gonna shoot nobody ever again!! Nobody!! Nobody!! It took me seven years to git him, but I got him.

One of the men wrestles the pistol from the boy's hand, hits him over the head with it and knocks him senseless. They drag him out.

300. INT. SALOON - JACK - DAY

300.

Pushes into the backroom. Wild Bill Hickok is on the floor beside an overturned poker table. Jack kneels beside Hickok.

WILD BILL HICKOK

Who was he, anyhow?

JACK CRABB

Some boy.

Jack stares in numbed shock at the obviously expiring Wild Bill. For a moment, Wild Bill's eyelids flutter shut, then open again.

WILD BILL HICKOK

Hoss ... that matter we discussed ... the widow ...

JACK CRABB

Yes, Bill?

WILD BILL HICKOK

(Jack leans forward to catch the dying words)

Don't tell my wife ... that would really get me in trouble ...

Wild Bill's head slumps to the side as he departs to a better world.

301. INT. SALOON - BACKROOM - JACK - DAY 301.  
Rises and walks from the dead Wild Bill toward the bar. Jack steps up to the bar, reaches shakily for a bottle of whisky and looks back.
302. INT. SALOON - JACK'S P.O.V. - DAY 302.  
A black-clad stovepipe-hatted UNDERTAKER supervises the lugging out of the body of Wild Bill.
303. INT. SALOON - JACK AT BAR - DAY 303.  
He glances again at the bottle, gets control of his hand, pulls back from bottle and turns and walks from the bar.
304. EXT. TOWN OUTSKIRTS - JACK - DAY 304.  
He walks by a ramshackle church and stands before a large yellow house. He walks up to the door and knocks on it.
305. EXT. DOOR OF YELLOW HOUSE - MRS. PENDRAKE - DAY 305.  
She opens the door. She is wearing a low-cut evening gown and quite a bit of rouge. She puts a hand on her hip and smiles invitingly at Jack:

MRS. PENDRAKE  
Come in, str-r-ranger. Whatever  
you want --  
    (a little burlesque twist  
      of the hip)  
-- we've got it.

306. EXT. DOOR OF YELLOW HOUSE - C.U. JACK - DAY 306.  
JACK CRABB  
Miz Pendrake!!
307. INT. HALLWAY OF YELLOW HOUSE - DAY 307.  
Jack follows Mrs. Pendrake into the hallway.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
You've mistaken me for someone else,  
stranger. My name is Lulu.

JACK CRABB  
Your name ain't Lulu, you're Louise  
Pendrake.

CONTINUED

307. CONTINUED

307.

MES. PENDRAKE  
(peering closely at Jack)  
Who are you?

JACK CRABB  
Why, I'm Jack Crabb, Miz Pendrake --  
don't you remember me?

MRS. PENDRAKE  
Jack ... Crabb?  
(puts a hand to her  
mouth)  
My God. Well ... this is quite  
a pleasant surprise! How have  
you been, Jack?

Jack starts to enter what seems to be the main room;  
it is a doorway hung with Arabian-type beaded strings  
and velvet tassels.

MRS. PENDRAKE (CONT'D)  
No, ah-h ... this room is more  
convenient.

She pulls him toward another door.

308. INT. EMPTY FRONT PARLOR - JACK AND MRS. PENDRAKE  
- DAY

308.

The room is luxuriously furnished. Several oil paintings  
of wistful little babies adorn the velvety walls. Mrs.  
Pendrake takes Jack's hands in both her own.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
(as sweetly pious as  
ever)  
Dear Jack, it's wonderful to see  
you! What have you been doing  
with yourself?

JACK CRABB  
Oh, nothin' much.  
(glances around at the  
luxurious furnishings)  
Is the Reverend Pendrake here?

MRS. PENDRAKE  
(a bit startled by the  
very idea)  
The Reverend Pendrake? Oh, no ...  
no ...  
(with pious sorrow)  
He ate himself to death.

308. CONTINUED

308.

JACK CRABB

Ate himself to death?

Mrs. Pendrake nods sadly and assumes the expression appropriate to the end demise of a loved one.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Yes. One day he ate his normal hearty meal, gave a little burp and passed away.

JACK CRABB

Well, he died happy, Miz Pendrake.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Perhaps so, but it was the cause of all my misfortune, Jack. I later married another man, a gentleman named Mr. Kane -- but you met him, didn't you?

Jack nervously rises from the settee, clasps his hands behind him and glances around at the luxurious furnishings of the room.

JACK CRABB

Yes, I ... I seem to remember him.

Jack's eye catches a rich hanging curtain of deep red velvet. As if to avoid looking at Mrs. Pendrake, he strolls toward the curtain. In the meanwhile Mrs. Pendrake perches genteely on the silk settee and dabs a tiny handkerchief at her eyes.

MRS. PENDRAKE

He was ... already married. He mortgaged my house, took every penny I had, and left me.

(rolls her eyes toward

Jack with pious sadness)

That's why I'm here ... in this ... charitable institution.

JACK CRABB

(glances around from the velvet curtain)

Oh, is that what this is?

MRS. PENDRAKE

(solemnly)

Yes ... it's a home for specunious widows run by the local missionary society.

JACK CRABB

Well, it's nice ...

309. INT. PARLOR - JACK - DAY

309.

Idly pulls a tasselled cord and the red velvet curtains draw back, exposing a large frilly bed in an alcove. The bed is covered with itty-bitty pillows and the walls and the ceiling of the alcove are composed wholly of mirrors. Jack walks into the alcove and looks dubiously at the ceiling and the walls.

310. INT. PARLOR - MRS. PENDRAKE - DAY

310.

She has a slightly sick little smile on her face. The door behind her opens and enter a big fat rouged MADAM.

MADAM

(annoyed)

Lulu, there's a gentleman out there -- what in hell are you doing in here sitting on your arse?

MRS. PENDRAKE

(pretty feeble, but with an effort to be dignified)

I have a gentleman in here, too.

311. INT. BEDROOM - JACK - DAY

311.

He steps forward.

312. INT. PARLOR - MADAM AND MRS. PENDRAKE - DAY

312.

MADAM

Oh, I didn't see you, stranger. Is everything all right?

JACK CRABB

Everything's fine.

MADAM

Need anything? -- champagne? -- cigars?

313. INT. BEDROOM - JACK - DAY

313.

He shakes his head.

314. INT. PARLOR - MRS. PENDRAKE AND MADAM - DAY

314.

MADAM

If you do, just ring the bell. Our motto around here is -- what er you want, we've got it.

CONTINUED

314. CONTINUED

314.

The Madam shakes her hip and exits, shutting the door behind her. Mrs. Pendrake is sniffing into her handkerchief, head bowed. Jack stares at her expressionlessly, but without hostility. Finally, she looks up.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Well, Jack, how you know. This is a house ... of ill-fame ... and I'm a fallen flower.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

(as Jack nods with thoughtful appreciation)

That woman hadn't lost her style one bit. "A fallen flower" -- chokes me up to think about it.

MRS. PENDRAKE

(sniffing into handkerchief)

I had no choice, Jack. Women clerks and schoolteachers earn almost nothing.

(sniffles harder)

But I would have been better off poor. This life is not only wicked and sinful, it isn't even any fun.

JACK CRABB

Well, I reckon not, Miz Pendrake.

MRS. PENDRAKE

If I was married and could come here once or twice a week, it might be fun. But every night, it's just boring, Jack.

JACK CRABB

I can understand that, Miz Pendrake.

MRS. PENDRAKE

And I can't seem to save any money, either. If I just had a few dollars I could go live with my maiden Aunt in Washington. I'd have clothes, a carriage ... and who knows, I might even marry a Senator.

JACK CRABB

You'd make a good wife for a Senator, Miz Pendrake.

CONTINUED

314. CONTINUED

314.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
Do you really think so?

JACK CRABB  
Oh, yes, ideal.

She puts a hand on his shoulder and pats him on the cheek.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
You always were a sweet boy.

She raises the other hand to his shoulder, and stares at him with a pensive sad smile in which there is a trace of erotic interest

MRS. PENDRAKE (CONT'D)  
I often had wicked thoughts about you.

The little smile turns solemn as the erotic interest becomes more than a trace.

MRS. PENDRAKE (CONT'D)  
Several times ... and I almost gave in to temptation ... and now, here we are ...

She begins casually to unbutton her dress, gazing off with a small, dreamy smile.

JACK CRABB  
(shocked)  
Miz Pendrake, what are you doin'?

315. INT. PARLOR - TRAVELING SHOT - MRS. PENDRAKE - DAY

315.

She moves toward the bed.

MRS. PENDRAKE  
(smiling at the memory,  
as she continues to unbutton  
dress)  
Do you know, once I tiptoed into your room and stood over you for the longest time. It was such an awful temptation to wake you up ...

Jack stares in gathering horror as Mrs. Pendrake wriggles her hip and pulls down the dress.

MRS. PENDRAKE (CONT'D)  
I wish I had. It would have been deliciously wicked.

CONTINUED



315. CONTINUED

315.

She lifts a shapely leg to the seat of a chair and rolls down a stocking. Mrs. Pendrake is now clad only in her slip. As the CAMERA dollies closer toward her, she casually reaches her hands to the hem of the slip and pulls the slip up over her head. The shot is of her head and shoulders. Casually, she drops the slip to the floor and looks up with a smile at Jack.

MRS. PENDRAKE (CONT'D)

Is anything wrong, Jack?

316. INT. BEDROOM - JACK - DAY

316.

Close on his face as he stares in stricken awe at Mrs. Pendrake. He is sweating blood.

JACK CRABB

No, Ma'am!

317. INT. BED AREA - MRS. PENDRAKE - DAY

317.

She glances over her naked shoulder.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Well, I'll wait for you in the ...  
place of retirement.

318. INT. BED AREA - JACK - DAY

318.

His eyes slowly follow Mrs. Pendrake on her way to the bed. Jack walks over to the bed.

319. INT. BED - ACROSS MRS. PENDRAKE'S BACK TO JACK - DAY 319.

JACK CRABB

(rather sadly)

You should have woke me up that  
night years ago, Miz Pendrake.

Jack takes the leather purse of gold coins and empties it in a tinkling waterfall on her stomach.

JACK CRABB (CONT'D)

This is from Wild Bill. It was his  
last wish that you go to Washington  
and live with your maiden Aunt.

320. INT. BEDROOM - C.U. MRS. PENDRAKE - DAY

320.

She stares in astonishment at the coins, picks up some, lets them fall on her stomach.

CONTINUED

320. CONTINUED

320.

MRS. PENDRAKE

That dear, dear man ...

(almost overcome with  
emotion)

... his last wish was to save me.

How wonderful, how kind, how  
thoughtful ...

(now in a tone of pious  
resolve)

And I will honor that wish. I  
shall go to Washington and find a  
new husband, Jack, a new life ...

321. INT. BEDROOM - JACK AND MRS. PENDRAKE - DAY

321.

JACK CRABB

(takes her hand,  
earnestly)

You can do it, Miz Pendrake.

MRS. PENDRAKE

I can, and I will.

(squeezes his hand  
affectionately and gazes  
off into space)

322. INT. BEDROOM - C.U. MRS. PENDRAKE - DAY

322.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Think of it, Jack ... a home, a  
decent husband, church ... it will  
be a spiritual rebirth, yes, a  
rebirth into a new and better life.

323. INT. BEDROOM - JACK AND MRS. PENDRAKE - DAY

323.

JACK CRABB

(moved)

Sounds wonderful.

(he moves toward the door)

Well, I got to go. Goodbye,  
Miz Pendrake.

MRS. PENDRAKE

Goodbye, Jack. Thank you ever  
so much ...

Jack smiles and turns to go.

324. INT. BEDROOM - CU MRS. PENDRAKE - DAY

324.

MRS. PENDRAKE

... and Jack, if you're ever in  
Washington ...

325. INT. - C.U. JACK - DAY 325.

Blinks for a moment, nods and exits.

326. INT. HALLWAY - JACK - DAY 326.

Comes out of the room. He leans back against the jamb of the door, sick at heart.

DISSOLVE:

327. EXT. ALLEYWAY - JACK - DAY 327.

He lies on the ground. A derelict. His clothes are ragged and tattered, he needs a shave badly. An empty bottle of whisky rests on his stomach and a small yellow dog is barking indignantly at him -- yipe! yipe! yipe!

328. EXT. ALLEY - CLOSE ON JACK - DAY 328.

He groans. An ebony-and-ivory peg leg comes INTO the SHOT, touches Jack in the side and gently nudges him. Jack groans and blinks in the sunshine. He is palsied, shaking, whey-faced. Half-blind, he peers up at the owner of the fancy leg.

329. EXT. ALLEY - JACK'S P.O.V. - LOW ANGLE - ALLARDYCE 329.  
T. MERIWEATHER - DAY

He wears a sombrero. He has also, as before, a fancy silver hook for a left hand.

330. EXT. ALLEY - JACK AND MERIWEATHER - DAY 330.

Jack painfully sits up. He has the shakes and he has them bad.

JACK CRABB  
(gallantly and amusingly  
tries to make polite  
conversation)  
Ah-hhh, hah-hah-hah-hah-how are  
things with you Mr. M-m-meriweather?

Meriweather smiles amused. But he answers the question straight.

MERIWEATHER  
Splendid. I've been down south of  
the border selling trinkets and  
fantasies for a profit.

JACK CRABB  
Still up to your old tricks, huh?

CONTINUED

330. CONTINUED

330.

MERIWEATHER  
(smiles happily)  
Oh yes.

JACK CRABB  
(frowns at peg leg)  
What happened to your leg, Mr.  
Meriweather?

MERIWEATHER  
(casually, unconcerned)  
The Mexicans relieved me of it --  
a slight misunderstanding.

JACK CRABB  
Well, I'm sorry.

331. EXT. ALLEY - CU JACK - DAY

331.

Begins to get the 'shakes', his hand trembles as if  
in an attack of malaria.

JACK CRABB  
... uhh ... umm ... uh.

332. EXT. ALLEY - MERIWEATHER - DAY

332.

Opens a leather satchel, takes out a bottle labeled  
"POCAHUNTAS ELIXIR." He hands the bottle to Jack.

MERIWEATHER  
Here, Jack, take a swig of  
Pocahuntas Elixir.

333. EXT. ALLEY - TWO SHOT - JACK AND MERIWEATHER - DAY

333.

Jack stares doubtfully at bottle.

MERIWEATHER  
It does contain alcohol.

JACK CRABB  
(dryly)  
I know the formula, Mr. Meriweather.  
(hesitates, takes swallow  
from bottle, shudders,  
makes awful face)  
Uggggcch!

MERIWEATHER  
(triumphantly points)  
Look at that.

Jack turns and looks. He frowns.

334. EXT. ALLEY - JACK'S P.O.V. - DAY

334.

Down the narrow alley to the town street. We see a huge mule-drawn wagon piled and stacked high with buffalo hides. Three rough-looking, unshaven BUFFALO SKINNERS are seated on the wagon. Their clothes are spotted and stained with blood.

335. EXT. ALLEY - JACK AND MERIWEATHER - DAY

335.

JACK CRABB

Buffalo hides?

MERIWEATHER

Right -- there's a world of money-chewing grass out on those plains, Jack.

(points with steel hook)  
Look, there's Buffalo Bill himself.

336. EXT. ALLEY - P.O.V. SHOT DOWN THE ALLEY - DAY

336.

We see ride by on the town street the splendorous figure of BUFFALO BILL, mounted on a superb horse.

337. EXT. ALLEY - JACK AND MERIWEATHER - DAY

337.

MERIWEATHER

See, there's another wagon.

338. EXT. ALLEY - P.O.V. - ANOTHER HUGE WAGON - DAY

338.

Loaded with buffalo hides.

MERIWEATHER'S VOICE (OVER)

Multiply it by thousands. The buffalo are being wiped out, the price of hides has already gone up. But you were raised by the Indians, you know how to track and find them.

339. EXT. ALLEY - CLOSE ON JACK AND MERIWEATHER - DAY

339.

MERIWEATHER

We can make a killing, Jack.

JACK CRABB

If the buffalo are wiped out, the Indians will starve.

MERIWEATHER

Jack, I can hire hunters and skinners but I need someone like you who really knows the buffalo. To show you how much I value your knowledge, I'll give you ten per cent of my net.

339. CONTINUED

339.

JACK CRABB  
(acutely uncomfortable)  
Well, I...I can't ...

MERIWEATHER  
Make it fifteen.  
(his eyes narrow with  
happy cunning)  
And there's another possibility.  
After a big hunt and a big payroll,  
you and I vanish like smoke with  
the proceeds.

340. EXT. ALLEY - C.U. MERIWEATHER - DAY

340.

Winks at Jack and takes off his sombrero and begins  
to fan himself with it. His head is utterly bald and  
scarred.

341. EXT. ALLEY - C.U. JACK - DAY

341.

His eyes open wide in amazement.

JACK CRABB  
Mr. Meriweather, what happened to  
your head?

342. EXT. ALLEY - TWO SHOT - JACK AND MERIWEATHER - DAY

342.

MERIWEATHER  
I ran into some Indians a couple  
of years ago on business, and the  
nasty rascals scalped me.

JACK CRABB  
Holy cats, and you lived through it?

MERIWEATHER  
Well, I was quite uncomfortable there  
for a while, believe me.  
(puts sombrero back  
on his head)  
Fifteen per cent and twenty dollars  
advance, Jack. Do you want the job?

JACK CRABB  
Thanks for the offer, Mr. Meriweather  
- but I was raised by Indians.  
I can't help kill off the buffalo.

MERIWEATHER  
(an ironic smile, not  
unfriendly)  
You haven't changed a bit, Jack.

342. CONTINUED

342.

JACK CRABB  
(returns the ironic smile  
with an ironic smile  
of his own)  
Neither have you. And you'd better  
watch out, Mr. Meriweather --  
they're whittling you down pretty  
serious, you can't afford to lose  
any more of your parts.

MERIWEATHER  
(a little shrug)  
Every business has its particle of  
risk. Goodbye, Jack.

343. EXT. ALLEY - MERIWEATHER - DAY

343.

Starts to hobble away.

344. EXT. ALLEY - JACK - DAY

344.

JACK CRABB  
Mr. Meriweather ... I hate to ask,  
but I really need a drink something  
terrible. For old times' sake, can  
you ... can you give me a dollar?

345. EXT. ALLEY - CLOSE ANGLE ON MERIWEATHER - DAY

345.

He smiles with a wry amusement.

MERIWEATHER  
Jack, I don't give money to people,  
I take it from them. Goodbye,  
dear boy.

346. EXT. ALLEY - DAY

346.

Meriweather exits into the street and the CAMERA MOVES  
in on Jack. A look of complete defeat and gloom is on  
his face. He glances down, sees the bottle of Pocahuntas  
Elixir, slowly raises it, squints to brace himself,  
and drinks about half the bottle. He makes an awful face.

JACK CRABB  
Uhhcchh!

For a moment, Jack is motionless. Then a spasm hits  
him and he turns his head and retches.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
That was my low. I couldn't go  
down farther, I had reached the bottom.

347. EXT. - WILDERNESS - JACK CRABB - DAY

347.

Walking in buckskins. He has grown an inch or so of beard and is tanned brown by the sun. He carries a rifle.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
I became a hermit. I went deep in the wilderness, as far away as I could get.

DISSOLVE:

348. EXT. WILDERNESS - JACK - DAY

348.

Now with a much longer beard. His buckskins are worn with long use.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
I spent weeks, months without seein' another human soul.

349. EXT. WILDERNESS - JACK - DAY

349.

He crouches in bushes.

350. EXT. WILDERNESS - JACK'S P.O.V. - DAY

350.

Indian Braves riding by on ponies.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
I avoided the Indians --

351. EXT. WILDERNESS - JACK - DAY

351.

Crouched in a dry ravine, hidden by boulders.

352. EXT. WILDERNESS - THREE GOLD PROSPECTORS - DAY

352.

Passing on mules and horses.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
I avoided people of all kinds.

353. EXT. WILDERNESS - JACK - DAY

353.

He approaches a cleverly hidden and camouflaged log lean-to. We see his lips move as he talks to himself.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
After a few years I got in the habit of talkin' to mys .f. Hermits, sooner or later, go a little bit crazy from the solitude.



354. INT. LEAN-TO - JACK - DAY

354.

Enters. He stares rather sadly at the soft white pelt of some small animal. Gently, he strokes the fur. He has finished the "animated" conversation with himself and now we can see the profound loneliness in his face, as his eyes well with tears.

DISSOLVE:

355. EXT. WILDERNESS - JACK - DAY

355.

Staring down at a sprung trap with an expression of sick dismay.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Then one day I found somethin' trappers  
see fairly regular ...

356. EXT. WILDERNESS - JACK'S P.O.V. - DAY

356.

A bloody small foot in the trap.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

... an animal had gnawed off its  
own foot to escape from the trap.

357. EXT. WILDERNESS - C.U. JACK - DAY

357.

His eyes shimmer with tears. He does not look sane.

358. EXT. LEAN-TO - JACK - DAY

358.

Lifts a large flaming brand from a campfire outside the lean-to. He throws the brand onto the log roof and stands back and watches it burn with folded arms. His eyes are empty and staring.

359. EXT. - JACK - DAY

359.

He walks toward the top of a very high bluff in magnificently scenic country. The bluff overlooks a wide plain.

He reaches a natural seat-like formation in the rock and looks down.

360. EXT. - JACK'S P.O.V. - A CLIFFSIDE - DAY

360.

Straight down. Jagged, needle-like rock formations rise at the bottom.

361. EXT. - JACK - DAY

361.

He stares calmly downward.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

There wasn't no use waitin' ...

Jack takes a step forward to the very edge of the cliff, then pauses.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

... but I paused to say goodbye.

JACK CRABB

(talking to himself)

Goodbye, Jack.

(answers as if two  
different people  
are talking)

Goodbye, Little Big Man.

Jack adjusts his feet on the ledge and holds his hands out to the side as he prepares to jump.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

At that moment, I really was crazy.  
And I was dern near offa that cliff  
when all of a sudden ...

(Jack lifts his head,  
startled)

... I heard somethin' ...

Now, thin and distant and from far away a sound is heard, at first not recognizable for what it is .. a faint tooting, a throb-like regular thump ... and then distant but recognizable trumpets, drums and flutes. The sound becomes louder and we HEAR the melody of "Garry Owen" played by an approaching brass band.. Of course, we have heard this before, during the charge at the Washita River.

362. EXT. PLAINS - EXTREME WIDE SHOT - CAVALRY - DAY

362.

Jack lifts his hand and shades his eyes. A white horse heads the line.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

It was Custer, ridin' toward Little  
Big Horn.

363. EXT. - JACK - CLOSE ON HIS FACE - DAY

363.

As he stares ahead, the emptiness and insanity gone from his eyes. A new look of strength and determination is in his face.

364. EXT. - WIDER SHOT - JACK - DAY

364.

From below as he stares ahead with an even greater strength and resolve in his eyes. This is a new Jack Crabb.

365. EXT. - E.C.U. - JACK - DAY

365.

The expression on his face is genuinely heroic. We HEAR on the track "Garry Owen" even louder now.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I knew the time had come for me to look the devil in the eye and send him to hell where he belongs.

DISSOLVE:

366. EXT. CUSTER'S ENCAMPMENT - DAY

366.

Outside Custer's tent. Jack has shaved off his beard and cleaned his buckskins. He stands calm and erect before Custer; no hostility shows in his face, and no friendliness either. A harried-looking MAJOR stands nearby with a half-breed scout; the harried Major seems bored and impatient with the conversation. Custer has his hands on his hips and seems very amused, even delighted, to see Jack.

CUSTER

You don't want a job, you want to be hanged -- and this time maybe I'll oblige you.

JACK CRABB

I'd make a good scout, Gen'ral. I know the country.

CUSTER

(coldly)

You know the Sioux and the Cheyenne even better, I am sure.

HARRIED MAJOR

(impatiently breaks in)

General, excuse me, but the Crow scouts have found the remains of a large hostile camp.

CUSTER

Major, I am talking to this man.

CONTINUED

366. CONTINUED

366.

HARRIED MAJOR

Sir, the size of the abandoned camp indicates a very large number of hostiles.

CUSTER

-----  
(turns back to Jack)

JACK CRABB

I know the terrain, Gen'ral.

(a pause, then  
with quiet emphasis)

I can tell you where you ought not  
to go, and I can tell you where you  
ought to go.

Custer and Jack stare at each other for several long seconds, a bit like poker players.

CUSTER

(finally, a thin  
smile)

Sergeant! -- take this man and ...  
give him some clothes.

The Sergeant exits with Jack.

CUSTER (CONT'D)

This man will be invaluable,  
Major, as a kind of reverse  
barometer.

HARRIED MAJOR

(frowns)

A reverse barometer?

CUSTER

(coldly, annoyed at  
such density)

Yes, a reverse barometer. Do you  
find anything odd or unusual in  
that concept, Major?

HARRIED MAJOR

Well, I ... I'm not sure I  
understand what you mean.

CUSTER

I almost hanged that man as a  
renegade. Now, he asks me for  
a job as a scout. His game is  
very, very obvious -- to lead me  
away from his Indian friends.

366. CONTINUED

366.

HARRIED MAJOR

I ... I still don't quite follow  
you, General.

Again, something slightly peculiar comes into his eyes.

CUSTER

Anything this man tells me will  
be a lie, calculated to mislead  
me, therefore he will be a  
perfect reverse barometer.

(with all the  
serenity of a  
convinced paranoiac)  
Isn't that correct?

HARRIED MAJOR

(staring wide-eyed  
at Custer)

Well, I ... of course, General.

Custer heads toward his tent.

DISSOLVE:

367. EXT. - CAVALRY - DAY

367.

On the move.

368. EXT. - JACK CRABB - DAY

368.

On a over-sized horse in an over-sized civilian clothes,  
as he jogs along in a troop of cavalry.

369. EXT. - MULE TEAM - DAY

369.

The heavily laden beasts are unable to keep up with  
the pace of the horse-mounted cavalry. They fall  
further and further behind.

370. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

370.

A splendid figure on a huge and beautiful white horse,  
as he rides at the head of the column. He exudes  
determination and confidence.

371. EXT. ABANDONED INDIAN CAMP SITE - DAY

371.

We see lodgepoles still standing in the ground and the  
black ashes of many fires. Custer raises a gloved hand  
for a halt.

372. EXT. - CUSTER AND OTHERS - DAY

372.

Among them: A CROW SCOUT with long black hair, clad in buckskins from which gewgaws dangle; an AIDE, the Lieutenant we have seen before at Washita, now a SKEPTICAL CAPTAIN; a GRIZZLED SERGEANT, pig-eyed and sadistic; and finally, in the background of the shot, Jack Crabb.

373. CROW SCOUT

373.

jumps off his pony and apprehensively looks down at an odd arrangement of bones around what seems to be a sand painting on the ground. The Crow Scout steps back from the sand painting and looks around apprehensively at the camp site.

CROW SCOUT

Many, many Sioux.

He wets his lips in fear, then sees a beaded belt on the ground and picks it up; he stares at it in even greater fear.

CROW SCOUT

Cheyenne ...

(looks up at Custer)

We go, huh? We go quick?

374. EXT. - ANGLE AT CUSTER AND AIDES - DAY

374.

CUSTER

What is the fool talking about?

HARRIED MAJOR

He thinks there were a great many hostiles here, and we should withdraw.

CROW SCOUT

(staring nervously  
around the camp)

Many Sioux, many Cheyenne, very angry.

CUSTER

Oh, fol-de-rol!

(glances around, sees  
Jack's flat stare)

What are you looking at, mule-skinner?

JACK CRABB

Nothin', sir.

CONTINUED

374. CONTINUED

374.

HARRIED MAJOR

(nervously)

Excuse me, General, but don't you think we ought to be movin' on?

CUSTER

There's no hurry, Major. Let's test our reverse barometer and see if it works.

(turns to Jack and points to sand painting)

How about it, mule-skinner -- what is the meaning of this magic?

375. EXT. - CLOSE ON JACK - DAY

375.

JACK CRABB

This drawin' and these bones was left here on purpose for you to find and be scared of. But if you aren't frightened, if you follow them, the Indians are announcin' that they won't run, they will fight you and kill you to the last man.

376. EXT. - CUSTER AND AIDES - DAY

376.

CUSTER

(sly, very pleased, to Major)

You see?

(with serene and total conviction)

The Indians won't fight, they have no stomach for war with Custer.

HARRIED MAJOR

I hope you're right, sir.

CUSTER

I have never yet been wrong, Major.

Custer draws himself up, the eagle preparing for take-off.

377. EXT. - TRAVELING SHOT - CUSTER - DAY

377.

At the head of his command and continues in the direction he had been traveling. He is heroic in the saddle.

CONTINUED

377. CONTINUED

377.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Custer had gone more or less crazy.  
In my belief, his hate for the Indians  
and his ambition had combined on him.  
He believed he needed one more dramatic  
victory over the Indians ... to be  
nominated for President of the United  
States.

(a pause, then dryly)

That a true historical fact.

(even more dryly)

Kind of a nervous thing, to think  
of a crazy man gettin' to be  
President.

378. EXT. A CANYON - GRIZZLED SERGEANT AND SQUAD - DAWN 378.

They ride out of the canyon, the high bluffs can be seen  
in the distance and advance toward Custer's cavalry.

379. EXT. - CUSTER - DAWN 379.

Signals a halt. The Grizzled Sergeant rides up to Custer.  
The Major, the Captain and Jack Crabb in the background.

GRIZZLED SERGEANT

We come acrost a party of about  
fifty Sioux, Gen'ral. They turned  
and ran.

CUSTER

(serenely)

Tell the scout to send his Crows  
after them.

380. EXT. - DAWN 380.

The Grizzled Sergeant turns his horse and gallops over  
to speak to the Half-breed Scout and the Crow friendlies.  
The Harried Major seems uneasy.

381. EXT. - CUSTER AND AIDES - DAWN 381.

HARRIED MAJOR

General, it could be an attempt to  
lure us on.

CUSTER

(with bland serenity)

Yes, it could be. But it isn't.

CONTINUED



381. CONTINUED

381.

SKEPTICAL CAPTAIN

General, excuse me -- but I think the Major is right. Fifty Sioux running from a squad is fishy -- it's an effort to lead us on.

CUSTER

(utterly calm)

That's the shrewdness of the Indian mind. They want us to think they're trying to lead us on, so we will withdraw. It's an elementary double-bluff, Captain.

HARRIED MAJOR

(blinks as if groggy,  
then tries again)

General, I think we might be riding into a trap.

The words of the Harried Major are spoken clearly, as if to a deaf person. Custer ignores him completely. He rises in his stirrups as "the look of the eagles" comes upon him. Now he raises an arm and calls out to the troops in a ringing voice.

CUSTER

We are closing in on them, men.

Custer waves his arm grandly to signal an advance and the troops move off with a clop-clop-clop toward doom.

382. EXT. - WIDE SHOT - CUSTER'S CAVALRY

382.

High on the bluffs, they approach the entrance to Medicine Tail Coulee.

383. EXT. - CUSTER AND AIDES - DAY.

383.

Custer signals a halt. Custer, the Major, and the Captain dismount.

CUSTER

We will take brief refreshment. Water only.

Jack Crabb dismounts and drinks from a canteen. He "casually" sidles over toward Custer's group, as inconspicuously as possible. Custer has his head tilted back and is gargling and spitting.

CUSTER (CONT'D)

(gargling)

Ooo-goo-goo-goo-oogie-oogie-oogie-ARF!

(spits, and by accident splashes

gargle upon the boot of the

Skeptical Captain)

Oh, excuse me, Captain.

(MORE)

383. CONTINUED

383.

CUSTER (CONT'D)  
(solemnly explains  
the gargling)  
It's the celibacy of the saddle. I  
had muscle spasms all night. Poison  
from the goo-nads.

SKEPTICAL CAPTAIN  
Poison from the what, sir?

CUSTER  
(with utter gravity)  
The goo-nads. That's medical  
terminology.

HARRIED MAJOR  
(not interested in  
science; his eyes  
are anxiously  
slewing toward the  
coulee)  
General, it is my duty as your  
subordinate --

CUSTER  
Oo-goo-goo-goo-goo-oogle-oogle-  
oogle-ARGLE-ARG!  
(spits, and to  
Captain, ignoring  
Major)  
The poison rises from the goo-nads  
to the throat and seeps down into  
various muscles.  
(takes another swallow  
and gargles)  
Ooo-goo-goo-oogle-argle-argle-argle ...

The Major and the Captain exchange worried glances as  
Custer gargles away, ridding himself of goo-nad poison.

384. EXT. - C.U. JACK - DAY

384.

As he stares intently at Custer.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
He was crazy, all right. But the  
poison comes from hate and ambition,  
not from his dern fool goo-nads.

385. EXT. - GRIZZLED SERGEANT - DAY

385.

He strides up to Custer and the Other Officers.

CONTINUED

385. CONTINUED

385.

GRIZZLED SERGEANT

(seems a bit nervous)

General, the Crows want to know if  
we're goin' down Medicine Tail  
Coulee.

CUSTER

(with heavy irony)

Oh, they do, do they?

GRIZZLED SERGEANT

(seems definitely  
uneasy)

Yes, sir ... they calim they want  
time to sing their death song.

CUSTER

Tell the Crows they're women!

HARRIED MAJOR

Sir, if the hostiles come in behind  
us, and if they are waiting for us  
down below, we'll never get out of  
there.

CUSTER

(turns to aloof  
irony)

Hostiles behind us? I don't see  
any hostiles behind us -- do you  
see hostiles behind us, Major.

HARRIED MAJOR

Well, no, not at the moment ...

CUSTER

(an icy stare)

Then stop trying to cause a  
reversal of a Custer decision.

The Harried Major desperately struggles to communicate;  
he enunciates extra-clearly as if speaking to a deaf  
man.

HARRIED MAJOR

But sir, wouldn't it be best to send  
a squad down Medicine Tail Coulee?

CUSTER

(as if talking to  
a tiresome idiot)

No, it wouldn't.

CONTINUED

385. CONTINUED

385.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Yes, sir, he was crazy. The trouble is he wasn't quite crazy enough.

HARRIED MAJOR

Well ... may I ask ... why it wouldn't?

CUSTER

(serenely)

Because, Major, it would cost us the vital element of surprise.

HARRIED MAJOR

(stares aghast at Custer)

Surprise? General, they know we're here ...

CUSTER

(his eyes narrow cunningly)

Yes ... but they don't know ...

(triumphantly)

that I intend to attack them without mercy.

HARRIED MAJOR

(seems ill)

But ... but ... that's no surprise, General.

CUSTER

Of course it is. Nothing in this world is more surprising than an attack without mercy.

The Major and the Captain again exchange significant glances. Custer, very satisfied with himself, glances around and notices Jack, and smiles amiably.

The Harried Major pulls himself together, then speaks in a formal tone.

HARRIED MAJOR

General, I must protest this impetuous decision.

For a long moment, Custer stares icily at the officer.

386. EXT. - CUSTER AND JACK - DAY

386.

The glow in Custer's eyes is not wholly of this world.

CUSTER

It was ever thus -- to be great,  
mule-skinner, is to be lonely.

(grinds his teeth  
and glares off at  
nothing)

Me, George Armstrong Custer, impetuous!  
A Custer decision, impetuous! Grant  
called me impetuous, too. The drunkard.  
Sitting there in the White House and  
calling me impetuous.

387. EXT. - MAJOR - DAY

387.

HARRIED MAJOR

(sweating copiously,  
almost a broken man)

General, I implore you to reconsider.  
Think of the men whose lives depend  
upon you ...

The pleading and desperate tone of the Harried Major  
seems briefly to reach Custer.

388. EXT. - CUSTER AND JACK - DAY

388.

A cunning light comes into Custer's eyes and he turns  
to Jack.

CUSTER

What do you think I should do,  
mule-skinner?

HARRIED MAJOR

Sir, that man doesn't know anything --

CUSTER

(stares with cold  
cunning at Jack)

What do you say, mule-skinner?  
Should I go down there, or  
withdraw?

A long pause as Jack stares in pale silence at Custer.

389. EXT. - C.U. JACK - DAY

389.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

I had him. But this time what I  
held in my hand wasn't a knife,  
but the truth.

390. EXT. - C.U. CUSTER - DAY

390.

CUSTER

Well, mule-skinner? What's your answer?

391. EXT. - TWO SHOT - CUSTER AND JACK - DAY

391.

Jack speaks in a quiet manner with an expression neither hostile nor friendly.

JACK CRABB

Gen'ral ...

(raises a hand and points at the coulee)

... you go down there.

CUSTER

(frowns in surprise)

You're advising me to go into the coulee?

Custer and Jack Crabb stare intently at each other, very much like poker players in a very high stake game.

JACK CRABB

Yes, sir.

CUSTER

(as if it's a casual question)

There are no Indians there, I suppose?

JACK CRABB

(now showing plainly a calm but absolute contempt for Custer)

I didn't say that. There are thousands of Indians down there, and when they get done with you there won't be nothin' left but a greasy spot. This ain't the Washita River, Gen'ral, this is the Little Big Horn. And them ain't helpless women and children waitin' for you -- they're Sioux and Cheyenne Braves.

(again raises a hand and points)

You go down there ... if you've got the nerve.

392. EXT. - C.U. CUSTER - DAY

392.

CUSTER  
 (after a long pale  
 pause, a little  
 thin smile)  
Still trying to outsmart me, aren't  
 you, mule-skinner?  
 (pauses, then with  
 mad earnestness)  
 You want me to think that you don't  
 want me to go down there ... but the  
 subtle truth is that you really  
don't want me to go down there.

393. EXT. - C.U. MAJOR - DAY

393.

CUSTER  
 (smiles and turns  
 to the Major)  
 Well, Major, are you reassured now?

The Harried Major is staring with a truly groggy  
 expression at Custer, his lips slightly apart and his  
 head leaned forward. It is plain he is licked.

HARRIED MAJOR  
 Well, I ... I ...

394. EXT. - WIDE ANGLE ACROSS CUSTER - DAY

394.

CUSTER  
 (in a ringing voice)  
 Men of the Seventh! The hour of  
 victory is at hand! Onward to  
 the Little Big Horn, and glory!

DISSOLVE:

395. EXT. - CAVALRY - FOUR ABREAST - DAY

395.

On its way down the ominous coulee. The soldiers do  
 not look very cheerful. Custer rides at the head of  
 the column, super-heroic in the saddle.

396. EXT. - JACK - DAY

396.

He rides along at the rear of the column. A faint  
 ironic smile is on his face, a smile that is a bit  
 wry and a bit sad. It is obvious that Jack, however,  
 is satisfied.

397. EXT. - CUSTER AND THE MAJOR - DAY

397.

As they ride along at the head of the column. The Major seems very depressed. Custer has his "eagle look" going full blast.

The Harried Major with a spasm-like motion, pulls at the reins of his horse and points head.

398. EXT. - MAJOR'S P.O.V. - ACROSS THE RIVER - DAY

398.

HARRIED MAJOR  
(in a hollow voice)  
Look, General.

Some ten teepees become visible among the trees on the opposite bank. There is some agitated motion among the Indians. Custer rises in the saddle filled with delight. He is about to signal the charge.

399. EXT. THE BLUFFS ABOVE THE COULEE - DAY

399.

FOUR INDIAN BRAVES can be seen. They "yip" to capture Custer's attention.

400. EXT. - CUSTER, HARRIED MAJOR AND HALF-BREED SCOUT - DAY

400.

They come riding hard down the coulee.

HALF-BREED SCOUT  
(pointing back up the  
coulee, in great alarm)  
Sioux and Cheyenne.

HARRIED MAJOR  
(tonelessly)  
We are trapped, General.

401. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

401.

For a moment, Custer stares vacuously at him, but then he rises tall in the saddle as "the look of the eagles" returns -- mad and insane, but there in all its vain megalomania, turned on full blast.

CUSTER  
We've caught them napping.  
(raises his pistol)  
Forward, the gallant Seventh!  
CHA-A-A-A-ARGE!!

Custer plunges forward on his white horse, as the Major and the Half-breed Scout gawk at him in amazement.



402. EXT. - MEDICINE TAIL COULEE - CUSTER - DAY

402.

As he emerges alone from the dust and confusion. Waving his pistol wildly, Custer looks back over his shoulder, sees he is all alone, yanks at the reins of his horse, causing it to rear. At this moment, the Half-breed Scout rides out of the dust after Custer, spurring his horse. Half-breed Scout grabs the bridle of Custer's rearing horse.

HALF-BREED SCOUT  
Gen'ral, wait! Nobody heard you!

403. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

403.

Rides back towards the troops.

CUSTER  
Now, you fools! Sound the charge  
properly. Bugler!

404. EXT. - ANGLE AT BUGLER AND TROOPS - DAY

404.

The BUGLER begins to blow, and the cavalry spur their horses forward.

A "proper" charge develops. The cavalry rides out from the coulee to the river-bank.

405. EXT. - MAJOR AND CUSTER - DAY

405.

HARRIED MAJOR  
(points in great alarm)  
General, ahead of us!

406. EXT. - ACROSS THE RIVER - DAY

406.

A party of INDIAN BRAVES has begun to fire with rifles, bows and arrows. They are moving into the water to meet Custer's charge. The force of their fire arrests the Seventh Cavalry.

Custer as he whirls his horse around.

CUSTER  
Now we have them, men! Forward,  
gallant Seventh! CHA-A-A-A-A-RGE!

Custer gallops into the river, waving his pistol and the troops follow him toward the huge war party on the right, charging up a hogback ridge.

407. EXT. - C.U. JACK - DAY

407.

In the midst of the skirmish. He looks to the point where the four Indian Braves had appeared before and now sees that the ridge is filled with mounted and walking Indian Braves who are descending upon Custer.

408. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

408.

In the midst of battle. He sees the Indians on the bluff above him to his left and is momentarily staggered. He looks across the river toward his enemy. He sees that many of them have now mounted and are fording the river toward him on his right flank.

409. EXT. - ANOTHER ANGLE ON CUSTER - DAY

CUSTER

We have them on the run, men!

410. EXT.- WIDE SHOT - CUSTER - DAY

410.

Now turns his cavalry and he starts to enter the ravine on his right. The cavalry is in great confusion but they change direction and follow Custer through the ravine toward the bluff.

411. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

411.

He reaches the end of the ravine and enters the clear area atop the bluff. Confronting him is the mounted force of CRAZY HORSE and his Braves. Behind him, the Indians have crossed the river and are forcing the cavalry toward Crazy Horse. From the side now the walking and mounted third group of Indians closes the pocket. The cavalry fires into perimeter firing groups but they are hopelessly lost. Rifles fire and a cloud of arrows rises in the sky.

412. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

412.

As his horse falls to its knees, hit.

413. EXT. - THE BATTLEFIELD - DAY

413.

Arrows land puck!-puck!-puck!-puck!-puck! everywhere, sticking in the ground, in soldiers, in saddles. Soldiers are dropping in every direction, falling from their horses in the hail of arrows and bullets.

414. EXT. - ANGLE AT JACK CRABB - DAY

414.

Hit by an arrow in the shoulder, he staggers and falls to the ground.

415. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

415.

On his feet now and furious.

CUSTER  
(to the Grizzled Sergeant)  
What are they doing?! Why aren't  
they charging?!

416. EXT. - THE HARRIED MAJOR - DAY

416.

He runs to Custer.

HARRIED MAJOR  
General, we've got to make a stand!

CUSTER  
Those fools are shooting their own  
horses! Arrest them, arrest them!  
Bugler, sound the charge!!

HARRIED MAJOR  
There's nowhere to charge to -- the  
Indians are everywhere!! We've got  
to make breastworks!

CUSTER  
(with mad, offended dignity)  
I know all about that, Major, don't  
try to tell me my business.  
(raises pistol and in a  
ringing voice)  
Make breastworks, men!

417. EXT. - JACK - DAY

417.

In the midst of the battle he sits on the ground with  
an arrow in his arm. He has managed to break off the  
end of the arrow and now, eyes half-shut with pain, he  
pulls it out, and sags to the ground, half-fainting.  
At this moment a bullet hits him in the leg and his  
body jerks spasmodically as he clutches his thigh.  
Jack lies panting for breath on the ground.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
I figured if I was lucky, one of  
them arrows or bullets would kill  
me. Being scalped alive ain't no  
pleasure hardly at all.  
(Jack struggles up to a  
sitting position)  
That's why I sat up, hopin' to  
catch it lucky.

CONTINUED

417. CONTINUED

417.

Arrows land all around Jack and bullets pock the ground, but he is not hit.

418. EXT. - MEDIUM SHOT - CUSTER - DAY

418.

He strides erect here and there pausing to fire his pistol with a classic stance, elbow bending like a steel hinge and forearm rigid. There is no evidence he ever hits anything, but he fires with great, mad dignity into the dust and confusion, as crouching white cavalymen fall all around him, pin-cushioned with arrows.

419. EXT. - A GROUP OF ATTACKING INDIANS - DAY

419.

They aim and discharge their rifles and arrows deliberately and they do not expose themselves needlessly while doing so. We see a Brave take careful aim, his bow stretched to the limit -- the arrow is off with a whir.

420. EXT. - HARRIED MAJOR - DAY

420.

He is hit in the side. He gives a weary sigh and falls beside the Grizzled Sergeant, who is crouching in fear, hands over his head. He looks as if he might cry and is making no effort to defend himself.

421. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

421.

CUSTER

All right, men -- give them a volley!

422. EXT. - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

422..

The remaining soldiers, perhaps thirty or so, half-heartedly fire a volley to no apparent effect.

423. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

423.

CUSTER

HA! Give them more of the same medicine, boys!

(a few shots are fired, and Custer scowls)

A volley, I said, give them a volley!

424. EXT. - SKEPTICAL CAPTAIN - DAY

424.

Wounded and lying against a dead horse pin-cushioned with arrows.

CONTINUED

424. CONTINUED

424.

SKEPTICAL CAPTAIN  
We're running out of ammunition,  
General.

CUSTER  
Right. Attach bayonets, men.

425. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

425.

He casually turns and strolls off. It's as if he has forgotten where he is and what he's doing. The pistol points off at the ground. Arrows continue to fall all around Custer but he is still miraculously unscathed. Now he walks up to Jack, who is sitting on the ground as before.

426. EXT. - CUSTER AND JACK - DAY

426.

CUSTER  
(calmly, as if discussing  
the weather)  
We're running out of ammunition.  
(now, mad, his eyes roll)  
I told him that would happen, but  
he just sat there in the White  
House and laughed at me. The  
damned drunkard!

427. EXT. - BATTLEFIELD - INDIAN BRAVES - DAY

427.

Now begin to break through the circle of defenders and kill one, two or three white soldiers before they are hit themselves.

428. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

428.

He stares in consternation at the scene, briefly sane.

CUSTER  
(in disbelief)  
This is horrible. We're being  
wiped out.

An expression of noble bravery comes upon Custer's face, as the brief moment of sane realization vanishes. Now, he is insanely play-acting, as he takes out a small gold-framed miniature from the breast pocket of his tunic, and gazes at it with an expression of heroic sentimentality -- the brave warrior bidding farewell to his dearly beloved.

429. INSERT - MINIATURE SUGARY-SWEET PORTRAIT OF  
MRS. CUSTER

429.

430. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

430.

He nobly pockets the miniature.

CUSTER  
(raises his pistol)  
For Christian America! Let your  
arrows fly, savages!  
(proudly, the "look of eagles")  
I am unbowed.

431. EXT. - JACK - DAY

431.

He stares wearily at Custer.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE  
Listenin' to the damn fool, I  
almost felt sorry for him.

432. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

432.

He paces back and forth before Jack, utterly mad.

CUSTER  
Mr. President...honored members  
of the Senate...  
(he is making a speech, as  
arrows fall all around)  
Taking the Indian as we find him,  
waiving all prejudices and laying  
aside all partiality, we will  
discover a subject for thoughtful  
study and investigation.

433. EXT. - A CHEYENNE BRAVE - DAY

433.

In a buffalo head helmet as he crouches in the grass  
not far from the breastwork of dead horses. The  
Cheyenne Brave is so covered with black war paint he  
is wholly unrecognizable; the buffalo helmet comes  
down over his forehead with slits for the eyes. Slowly,  
cautiously, he lifts his head and peers over the  
breastwork.

434. EXT. - CHEYENNE BRAVE'S P.O.V. - DAY

434.

Custer waving his arm at Jack Crabb in an oratorical  
manner.

435. EXT. - CHEYENNE BRAVE - DAY

435.

He moves forward.

436. EXT. - TWO SHOT - JACK AND CUSTER - DAY

436.

CUSTER

(lifts an admonitory finger)  
But, Mr. President, the Plains  
Indian is a savage in every sense  
of the word.

JACK CRABB

(wearily)  
Oh, why don't you shut up? And  
why in hell don't one of them  
arrows hit me?

CUSTER

(shocked and disapproving)  
Mr. President, you're drunk.  
(with mad hostility)  
We can't have a man like you in  
the White House.  
(takes pistol from his belt)  
Get on your feet and face the  
enemy.

JACK CRABB

(wearily)  
Go away, Gen'ral.

CUSTER

(the mad hostility increases)  
All right...  
(raises the pistol and points  
it at Jack)  
...the sentence is death.

437. EXT. - CHEYENNE BRAVE - DAY

437.

He crouches half-across the breastwork of dead horses  
and soldiers, bow and arrow in hand. Swiftly, he takes  
an arrow from his quiver.

438. EXT. - CUSTER - DAY

438.

He cocks the pistol and levels it at Jack's head.  
Jack has turned away, but now he glances around and as  
he does we hear a irring sound and an arrow whops  
into Custer's back.

CONTINUED

438. CONTINUED

438.

Slowly, like a sugar pine in the High Sierra, Custer falls toward the ground. Another arrow shops into his back as he falls, and then another; no arrow is more than two inches from the other -- the action duplicates Jack's killing of the Pawnee Brave when he saved Younger Bear. As the third arrow whops into his back, Custer hits the ground and his pistol fires futilely at nothing.

439. EXT. - CHEYENNE BRAVE - DAY

439.

He crawls over the breastworks toward the Grizzled Sergeant, who is lying terrified on the ground, half-covered by a blanket.

440. EXT. - GRIZZLED SERGEANT - DAY

440.

As in hysteria, he pulls the blanket over his head. The blanket shakes as he trembles.

441. EXT. - CHEYENNE BRAVE - DAY

441.

He reaches the Grizzled Sergeant, a knife in his teeth and a war club in his hand. He takes the knife from his teeth, pulls the blanket back, exposing the head of the Grizzled Sergeant. Grotesquely, the Grizzled Sergeant smiles, showing every tooth in his head.

442. EXT. - CHEYENNE BRAVE - DAY

442.

A truly terrifying angle from below, showing the black war paint, the slits for the eyes, the buffalo horns. He raises his knife high and plunges it down with all his might and we hear a horrible dying exhalation of breath from the Grizzled Sergeant -- the action is shocking, numbing. The Brave withdraws his knife, wipes it on the blanket, puts it between his teeth, then quickly pulls the blanket off the Sergeant and crawls on, war club in hand.

443. EXT. - JACK CRABB - DAY

443.

He sits on the ground as before, blood on his arm and on his leg. A look of resigned gloom is on his face. We can see in the background behind him other Indian Braves pouring over the breastworks, stabbing and shooting the few soldiers who remain alive.

CONTINUED



443. CONTINUED

443.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

They was killin' every soldier on that knoll, choppin' 'em up in a frenzy. I understood how they felt and I didn't blame 'em.

(Jack stares sadly off into space)

But I kinda hated to die.

The Cheyenne Brave crawls toward Jack, knife in his mouth and dragging the blanket with him, war club in hand.

OLD JACK CRABB'S VOICE

Life was ridiculous, but it had its good points. That was my last thought before somethin' hit me from behind...

444. EXT. - CHEYENNE BRAVE - DAY

444.

He raises the war club and hits Jack over the head, knocking him unconscious to the ground. The Cheyenne Brave takes the knife from his teeth, as if he will plunge it into Jack as he did the Sergeant ... but he doesn't. Quickly, the Brave sticks the knife in his belt, tosses aside the war club and throws the blanket over Jack's head and shoulders. Working fast, the Brave winds up Jack in the blanket, then hoists him over his shoulder and walks off with him, first stooping to pick up the war club.

DISSOLVE:

445. INT. - TEEPEE - JACK- DAY

445.

He is lying on the floor, opens his eyes, looks slowly around him, sees nothing. The Brave now reaches up and removes his buffalo helmet and we recognize him. It is, of course, Younger Bear.

YOUNGER BEAR

Are you awake?

JACK CRABB

Yes...yes, I'm awake.

CONTINUED

445. CONTINUED

445.

YOUNGER BEAR

All right. Then you know that you and I are even at last. I have paid you the life I owe you, and the next time we meet, I can kill you without becoming an evil person.

Younger Bear pauses. Then, he tilts back his head, gives a triumphant whoop and runs from the teepee. Jack weakly struggles to a sitting position and looks around him.

446. INT. - TEEPEE - OLD LODGE SKINS- DAY

446.

Sits impassive by a fire near Jack.

OLD LODGE SKINS

He goes to dance his joy.

JACK CRABB

(rubs the bump on his head)  
I didn't expect to see you, Grandfather.

OLD LODGE SKINS

Nor I you, my son.

JACK CRABB

(a slow smile)  
Well ... Grandfather, I am glad to see you!

OLD LODGE SKINS

(calmly)  
I am glad to see you, too, my son. My heart soars like a hawk.  
(embraces Jack, then politely, very serene)  
Do you want to eat? I won't eat with you, because I'm going to die soon.

JACK CRABB

(shocked; his smile fades)  
Die, Grandfather?

CONTINUED

446. CONTINUED

446.

OLD LODGE SKINS

(calmly, matter-of-fact)

Yes, my son. I want ot die in  
my own land where Human Beings  
are buried in the sky.

JACK CRABB

(worried, upset)

But why do you want to die,  
Grandfather?

OLD LODGE SKINS

Because there is no way to deal  
with the white man, my son.

(a thoughtful pause)

Whatever else you can say about  
the white, man, it must be  
admitted you cannot get rid  
of him.

JACK CRABB

(frowning, unhappy)

No, I suppose not, Grandfather.

OLD LODGE SKINS

There is an endless supply of  
white men. But there has always  
been only a limited number of  
Human Beings. We won today, but  
we won't win tomorrow.

447. INT. - TEEPEE - DAY

447.

Old Lodge Skins's new wife enters, a rather attractive  
woman of about twenty-five; she carries a bowl.

OLD LODGE SKINS

(calmly)

Take away the food, woman -- my  
son has no appetite, and I'm  
dying.

JACK CRABB

(annoyed, but also  
frightened)

Grandfather, you're not dying.

CONTINUED

447. CONTINUED

447.

OLD LODGE SKINS  
(somerly gazes off into  
space with his sightless  
eyes)

It will take them time, but the  
whites will rub out all the Human  
Beings, my son. And that makes  
my heart sad. A world without  
Human Beings has no center to it.  
This was a perfect place until the  
white men came. Buffalo and game  
were everywhere, the grass was  
green, the water was sweet and the  
sky was blue...

(rises, a hand on Jack's  
shoulder)

Come, my son, we will go.

JACK CRABB  
(alarmed)  
Go where, Grandfather?

OLD LODGE SKINS  
(as if possessed, lost  
in reverie)  
To the mountain...to the top...

DISSOLVE:

448. EXT. - JACK CRABB AND OLD LODGE SKINS - DAY

448.

They are on a mountain top beside a burial scaffold.  
Suddenly Old Lodge Skins drops his blanket, stands  
with his scarred old body naked to the falling sun,  
and yells the great Cheyenne battle cry in a mighty  
voice that echoes from peak to peak.

OLD LODGE SKINS  
HEY-HEY-HEY-HEY-HEY-HEY-HEY!!!  
(the old man is having  
ferocious fun)  
Come out and fight! It is a good  
day to die!

Old Lodge Skins glares happily and sightlessly around,  
as if looking for Death. Jack stands motionless  
nearby.

CONTINUED

448. CONTINUED

448.

OLD LODGE SKINS

Thank you for making me a Human Being! Thank you for helping me become a warrior! Thank you for all my victories and for all my defeats. Thank you for my vision, and for the blindness in which I saw further.

(a pause, as Old Lodge Skins lowers his head as if in submission)

You make all things and direct them in their ways, O Grandfather, and now you have decided that the Human Beings will soon have to walk a road that leads ... nowhere.

(he sits on the ground and folds his arms)

I am going to die now, unless Death wants to fight, and I ask you for the last time to grant me my old power to make things happen!

Old Lodge Skins lies down on the rocks.

449. EXT. - JACK - DAY

449.

He stands paralyzed. The CAMERA moves in, close on his face. A faint pattering sound is heard. It becomes louder and raindrops begin to fall unheeded on Jack's face. A tiny frown narrows Jack's eyes and he leans forward.

450. EXT. - OLD LODGE SKINS - DAY

450.

In the rain, his eyes shut and his body apparently lifeless.

451. EXT. - JACK - DAY

451.

He reacts with shock and grief.

JACK CRABB  
Grandfather? Grandfather?

CONTINUED

451. CONTINUED

451.

Jack hurries forward and kneels beside the apparently lifeless body of Old Lodge Skins. Motionlessly, Jack stares down at the old man, grief and woe in his face. Suddenly, a throat is cleared and Jack's eyebrows lift in surprise. Old Lodge Skins' sightless eyes blink open.

OLD LODGE SKINS

Am I still in this world?

JACK CRABB

(relieved, gently)

Yes, Grandfather.

OLD LODGE SKINS

(a bit weary, but resigned)

I was afraid of that.

(sits, up, sighs)

Well, sometimes the magic works and sometimes it doesn't.

452. EXT. - MOUNTAINTOP - JACK AND OLD LODGE SKINS - DAY 452.

OLD LODGE SKINS

(pulls himself to his feet)

Let's go back to the teepee and eat, my son.

JACK CRABB

All right, Grandfather.

Jack and Old Lodge Skins walk on down the mountain in the rain beneath the rays of sunshine.

DISSOLVE:

453. INT. - OLD JACK CRABB - NIGHT

453.

He is in his wheelchair in the hospital room. He is staring directly into the CAMERA and is gripped by a powerful emotion. The red light of the tape recorder shines grotesquely on his face.

OLD JACK CRABB

(with great feeling, but quietly)

That's the story of this old "Indian-fighter"...

CONTINUED

453. CONTINUED

453.

(pauses, struggling to control himself)

That's the story of the Human Beings, who was promised land where they could live in peace, land that would be theirs as long as grass grow, wind blow and the sky is blue...

(overcome by emotion, cannot go on)

The CAMERA pulls back from the bowed old man to include the Tweedy Historian in the shot. The Tweedy Historian has lost his pedantic complacency.

TWEEDY HISTORIAN

I ... I'm sorry, Mr. Crabb, I didn't know ...

OLD JACK CRABB

(raises a hand to his eyes, turns his head away, overcome)

Get out ... get out!

The CAMERA slowly moves back in upon the old, old man as he sits bowed and hiding his tears in a wheelchair.

FADE OUT:

END OF PICTURE